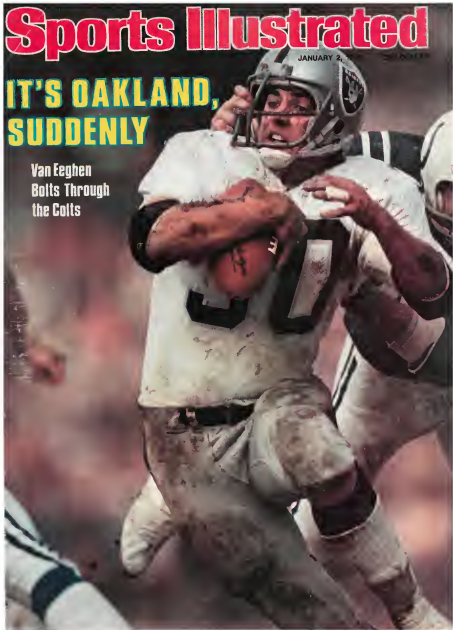


# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 20, 1997

## IT'S OAKLAND, SUDDENLY

Van Eeghen  
Bolts Through  
the Colts





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**HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:**



the 100th anniversary of the founding of the city, the city is celebrating the 100th anniversary of the founding of the city.



Thus, drawing a reference class boundary with its during Bayes (2000) the *do*-to-*have* relationship Bayes (2000) suggested that *do*-to-*have* is a causal effect, not a selection effect, with *do*-to-*have* being a selection effect as the *do*-to-*have* relationship is a selection effect.

[illegible]

**F. Masters:** "No matter what I lived - dieting, exercise - I was never able to get rid of the roll of excess inches around my midsection. Then Astro-Trimmer came along and reduced my waistline 6 full inches - from 38 1/2 to 32 1/2 inches - in just 3 days without dieting."

**T Greer** "My waist actually came down 5 full inches in 5 days—from 38 to 33. My entire physique looks so much better and I feel so much better that I can't praise this sensational number enough."

Bell Park  
08550000

**Stretching discovery:** The Astro-Timmer has got to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use stretchener of all time. It is a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency — and a pure joy to use. The Astro-Timmer is totally unique design consists of a double layered belt: a soft nonporous inner thermal liner which wraps completely around your mid-section producing a marvelous feeling of warmth and support — and a sturdy outer layer of heavy duty, supple, synthetic material. The unique design of the Astro-Timmer's inner thermal liner and the two stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect — greatly magnified — directly to the inner thermal liner of the belt to produce an absolutely unequaled inch reducing effect. In fact, for sheer effectiveness, the Astro-Timmer is supreme. Try it for yourself — at our risk — just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch it out, and you'll see the difference. In fact, you'll be so pleased with the results that you'll want to keep it. Men and women from 17 to 70 are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch-reducer.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



HANNON: HIS TALES WERE WELL TOLLED

In seven years with this magazine, Staff Writer Kent Hannon has chased down some unusual stories. There was the one about the 8-year-old boy from Orlando, Fla., who was a black belt in karate, and the one about "the Babe Ruth of Softball," a 42-year-old hospital worker from Queens, N.Y. He has also covered baseball—last summer he wrote stories on the Atlanta Braves and Boston Red Sox—but most of Hannon's work for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has been on college basketball.

It is a beat that most recently has required him to make a large number of trips through the Lincoln Tunnel, which connects Manhattan and New Jersey. On his latest expense account Hannon has billed us for \$22.50 in tolls, or 15 round trips, in return for which we have been rewarded with a pair of stories on two of the Garden State's most striking sports personalities.

Hannon's article on Pete Carril, Princeton's cigar-chomping basketball coach whose teams led the nation in defense the last two years, begins on page 26. His report on the most prolific scorer in women's basketball, Carol Blazejowski, of Montclair State College, follows on page 35.

"In five minutes, Carril and Blazejowski would be at each other's throats," says Hannon. "She is exactly the kind of player that he used to be, but now hates—brash, extremely vocal and eager to shoot. Pete is also very learned; he's fond of quoting Siegfried

Sassoon. Carol would think he was talking about a hair stylist."

Hannon's flair for writing began to emerge at Purdue in 1966, when he failed everything one semester except English and Marching Band (he played French horn). He wisely made the transition from engineering to journalism, from halftime shows to the press box, and began logging 40-hour weeks at the student newspaper. While he was its sports editor he met his future wife, Sharron, a free-lance writer in New York, and first made connections with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

"Purdue was sky high in football and basketball when I was in school," says Hannon. "Bob Griese, Mike Phipps, Leroy Keyes and Rack Mount were always appearing in the pages of SI, and since I traveled with Boilermaker teams, I had ample opportunity to pester people like Dan Jenkins and Merv Hyman about getting me a job."

Hannon's persistence was never more evident than last October, when he arranged for the nation's five best jump-shooters to come to New York to be photographed for his cover story in the college basketball issue (SI, Nov. 28). The week-long ordeal included long days in the studio and such unscheduled difficulties as the injured knee of Greg Sanders, who arrived from St. Bonaventure on crutches, and the missing luggage (with all his uniforms) of Arkansas' Marvin Delph.

After one extremely taxing day Hannon and North Carolina's Phil Ford relaxed by playing a distinctly one-sided game of H-O-R-S-E on the court SI had fashioned in its West 54th Street studio. "No one would mistake the sports-writer for the All-America, would they?" said Hannon, after Ford had vanquished him with five baskets in a row. "Maybe not," replied Ford, "but it would be just as easy to tell us apart by comparing our writing."

*Sack Meyer*

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Ever notice how some golfers always seem to know what to do next—in any situation? That comes from experience, of course. It can also come from reading GOLF Magazine—the monthly with more pointers from pro's than any other publication in golf. Take these situations, for instance. Do you always handle them as well as you should?



It's your third shot to a par five, and you wonder, is now the time to go for the pin? Here's where "birdie-players" tend to become reckless, according to pro Raymond Floyd. "If you're hitting your third shot from rough or from a bad lie of some kind, don't be afraid to play short of the green. However, if your lie is good and your second shot has put you close to the green, say within 70 yards, then it is time to become aggressive on the hole. Hit your shot at the pin. Just make sure you take into account the speed and grain of the green. Decide where you want to land the ball, visualize your shot and then try to make it happen."



You've got a long shot from deep rough. Pro Dave Stockton—a master of turning three shots into two—says, "I never even consider the long irons—they can get tangled in the grass, the clubface closes on you and you never get out. I go either with a 4-wood or a 5-iron, depending on the lie. Two tips that are good for all rough shots are, first, hold the club a little firmer than usual to prevent the club from turning, and second, don't crouch down over the ball; this cramps your swing."



You're trying to get the ball out of water. Ben Crenshaw—one of GOLF's instruction Editors—says the cut shot is the only shot to hit. "You must slice down and through the surface of the water, using the outside-in swing. I generally use a sand wedge, play the ball slightly back in a moderately open stance, and focus my eyes on a point about three inches in back of the ball. The clubhead must be square at the address, and the swing must be a forceful, downward blow, because the water offers plenty of resistance."



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# SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH FLEGG

## SEEING IS BELIEVING

Television's all-seeing cameras have been playing havoc lately with the credibility of NFL officiating. When a referee, like Fred Silva, declares a Bert Jones fumble not a fumble, thereby, in all probability, beating New England, putting Baltimore into the playoffs and keeping Miami out, and then television's replays of the incident show the world that the referee was quite clearly in error, fans begin to think fix and to call for drastic but impractical measures.

We have a suggestion for the NFL, a simple procedure that would use the very TV cameras that exacerbate the controversies, to settle them. One special official, a sort of super referee, could be assigned to a spot from where he could see every play on TV monitors, from every angle that the cameras see it. The official's sole responsibility would be to reverse an obvious, clear-cut, no-question-about-it officiating error the minute it occurs. He would push a button or flip a switch, signaling a reversal, and that would be the end of it. There would be no appeal from this decision and no opportunity for personal intimidation by coaches or fans.

The exercise of the power of the super referee would be infrequent, because incidents such as a Bert Jones non-fumble occur only rarely. But we feel that when there has been an error and millions of fans are being shown visible proof of it over and over again, as viewers in Miami and Boston have in this case, the NFL would be serving the credibility of its product and its officiating by admitting the error and correcting it.

## SECOND THOUGHT

Calvin Murphy of the Houston Rockets is only 5' 9" tall but has a large pugilistic reputation in pro basketball. "My first reaction was I'm going to make someone pay for this," he said about the anger he felt when teammate Rudy Tomjanovich was severely injured by Kermit Washington's punch. "Once my anger subsided,"

he continued, "I realized how asinine that would be after seeing what devastation can be done to a person. You've seen Calvin Murphy throw his last punch."

Not exactly a happy ending to a sad story, but it helps mitigate the gloom.

## CHAIRBOY

Hughes Norton, one of Mark McCormack's agents, phoned Nathaniel Crosby, recently named chairman of the Bing Crosby Memorial National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship, about a client who wanted to play in the tournament. "I'm sorry, but I can't talk to you now," said 16-year-old Nathaniel. "I'm on my way to school."

## RETURN OF THE KID

Wearing saddle oxfords, as befitted the occasion, and looking as splendid as ever, if not as splinterish, Ted Williams recently paid a visit to Hoover High School in San Diego, from which he graduated into organized baseball in 1937. With him were Tom Seaver, in the role of interviewer, and a television crew for a syndicated series to be called *Greatest Sports Legends*. The series will not be aired until spring, but thanks to Charles Maher of the *Los Angeles Times*, who was there, we have some tidbits to tide us over.

In the course of the day's shooting, sometimes on camera, sometimes off, Williams talked about Steve Garvey ("Don't like his style at all. He swings down at the ball. But he's stronger than hell"); Joe DiMaggio ("He did it smoothly, with power and finesse"); 1941, the season Williams batted .406 ("I have to think I had the league betwixt and between. They didn't know whether to pitch me high or low"); Atlantic salmon in New Brunswick ("I fish for salmon from June 15 to October 1. Every single goddam day. I'm out in waders. I'm casting. I cast 500 times a day. And every time I throw a line I think it's going to happen. . . . I live the whole year for those

three months"); 1957, when he hit .388 at the age of 38 ("A hell of a year"); and his last at bat in Fenway Park in 1960 ("It was so damn dark that day. Holy crapes, it was dark. It was a windy, wet, misty day. I got the count 2 and 0 and the pitcher threw a fastball, a beautiful ball to hit. And how I missed it. . . . I don't know yet how I missed it. I know he thought he threw it by me. I still don't think he did. Anyway, he couldn't wait to get the sign and fire another one, you know, and there it was, at the same place").

And then, as the crew was packing up, Williams stepped into the batter's box on Hoover High's Ted Williams Field and hit the third pitch from Hoover ace Alan Goodwin 350 feet over the right-field fence.

## COFFEE, TEA OR BIRDSEED

The streaked shearwater is a seabird that nests on rocky islands off the coast of northern Japan in the summer and mi-



grates during the first two weeks of November to warmer rocks in Australia and Southeast Asia for the winter. This year, though, unusually warm weather at home caused the birds to dawdle for a few days, and by the time they were ready to leave, rough, windy weather had set in over the archipelago, making the going too tough for some.

Eight of the stragglers, found in the streets of Tokyo between Nov. 18 and 20, exhausted and dying, were picked up

*continued*

and taken to the city's Ueno Zoo. Two of them died there, but the other six recovered, and on Nov. 29 were last seen streaking south with nothing but kind croaks for Japan Air Lines. JAL, with a sharp eye for the avian interest angle, had helped the Tokyo Six make up for lost time by airlifting them to Naha, Okinawa, close to the southernmost edge of Japan's airspace.

#### ARMED FORCE

A couple of years ago ABC considered dropping the Army-Navy football game from its TV schedule, its thinking being that service academy football had gotten to be something less than top drawer. Fortunately for the network, it thought better of its idea, and this fall the 78th renewal of the Philadelphia classic was watched by a larger TV audience than that of any other game of the season. Army's three-point win over Navy flickered into 13,560,000 U.S. homes. The only other game that exceeded the 13 million mark was USC-UCLA with 13,959,000. Close behind were Pittsburgh-State with 12,960,000 and Ohio State-Michigan with 12,100,000.

Interestingly, at ABC's request, the academics agreed to a later starting time—4 p.m. E.S.T.—in order to clear the earlier part of the afternoon for Pittsburgh-Penn State, the "better" game of the two.

#### TENNIS EVERYONE

At the southeast corner of Rancho Municipal Park in the Cheviot Hills section of Los Angeles are 16 hard-surface tennis courts. Until Jan. 31, 1977, the courts served as a sort of park within a park—a community, day-care and senior-citizens center all rolled into one. The rules allowed players one set when other players were waiting, and the regulars whiled away their waiting time on the low bleachers, playing backgammon, dealing bridge hands and schmoozing. They were schoolchildren from the neighborhood and stockbrokers from Beverly Hills, graduate students from UCLA and grimy tennis hustlers out of nowhere. The quality of the tennis was generally high, but so was the level of tolerance for differences of age and skill. It was everything a public park should be and, like the rest of the best things in life, it was free.

But the tennis boom caught up with Rancho Park about a year ago. The Los Angeles recreation and parks commis-

sion, having decided to try to make its tennis courts pay, set up a test program at Rancho. Courts could now be reserved in advance for \$2 an hour. Unreserved time was still free, but there was never much of it and, furthermore, one never knew how long one might have to wait to get it.

Right away the heterogeneous social fabric of the bleachers began to break down. The kids went looking for free courts farther from home, and some of the adults who just didn't care for the whole idea took up other sports. Eddie Kantar, a professional bridge player whose daily appearances at Rancho Park were once as predictable as a California sunrise, is playing a lot more paddle tennis at the beach these days.

However, help may be on the way. A group that calls itself the Association of Public Court Players and claims to represent the rights of between 10,000 and 20,000 tennis players is attempting to take the recreation and parks commission to court, hoping to halt the test program at Rancho Park and the proposed expansion of that program to 11 other tennis centers. The APCP contends that the reservation system is unfair to children and senior citizens who have to wait long hours for unserved court time.

One wonders what might have been the fate of the kid with the big serve had the city of Los Angeles been charging \$2 an hour when Pancho Gonzales was growing up on the old concrete courts in Exposition Park.

#### SAVE THIS BIRD

The Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Wildlife Sanctuary, in an attempt to meet its \$20-a-day food bill for 650 wildfowl, is urging local conservationists to become foster parents to the bird of their choice. For \$10, an adoptive parent receives a drawing of his bird and visiting privileges at the preserve for a year.

#### HEIRS APPARENT

Secretariat's leg was beginning to look good last week, thanks to a six-length victory in a maiden race at Laurel by a slim, roan colt named Sacrebleu. The Triple Crown champion's first crop of 28 foals closed its somewhat disappointing 2-year-old season with three winners out of the 10 that went to the post. First a filly, Feuille d'Erable, won at Woodbine in Toronto. Then Philip Niarcho's Dactylographer won two races, one of them

a stakes, in England. And finally, last week, Sacrebleu, in his first time out, became the first U.S. winner.

Sacrebleu is said to resemble his dam, a The Axe II mare named Color Me Blue who was in foal to Secretariat when Raymond Guest bought her for \$220,000 at the Keeneland fall sales. Guest's winning share of the Laurel purse was \$3,250.

Three Secretariats that did not get to the races as 2-year-olds but may figure prominently in the 3-year-old season are Cold Reception, State Room and the \$1.5 million yearling, Canadian Bound.

It might be said that one has not truly gambled until one has had \$1.5 million riding on a bunch of genes.

#### MUD IN YOUR EYE

Dr. Thomas A. Pearson, a cardiovascular epidemiologist at the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health, says exercise and moderate drinking, particularly of beer, may be the most important factors in safeguarding against heart disease, the No. 1 killer in the U.S. Pearson, who presented his findings at the American Heart Association's scientific session in Miami Beach recently, says exercise and moderate drinking—one or two beers a day—are significant because they keep high-density lipoprotein at a high level in the blood. Some researchers believe that HDL may actually flush away fatty deposits in arterial walls that cause atherosclerosis, a basic disease of the heart. Dr. Pearson suggests that people ask their physician to measure the level of HDL as well as cholesterol when they are having a checkup.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Marvin Davis, Denver oilman, after purchasing the Oakland A's for a figure rumored to be more than \$12 million: "As men get older, the toys get more expensive."
- Bum Phillips, Houston Oilers coach, on being unprepared for sub-zero cold in Cleveland: "You can't practice being miserable."
- Darryl Royal, University of Texas athletic director: "There are two things I've never heard. I've never heard my daddy cuss, and I've never heard a school on probation say they got justice."
- George Halas, on why he quit coaching: "I knew it was time to quit when I was chewing out an official and he walked off the penalty faster than I could keep up with him."



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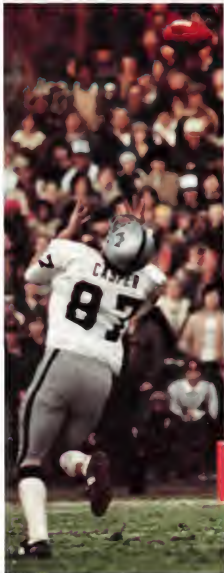
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# TAKING TO



*Dave Casper's circus catches lifted the Raiders past the Colts in overtime*

*Craig Morton stunned the Steelers with two TD passes for the Broncos*

# THE SUPER HIGHWAY



Jethro Pugh and the Cowboys made life miserable for the Bears' Avelino

Heading for New Orleans and Super Bowl XII, Oakland took a long, winding road. Denver shot ahead via the passing lane. Dallas roared through some shortcuts and Minnesota, wheels churning, jounced through the mud



Chuck Foreman's five-yard TD run launched Vikings' upset of the Rams

CONTINUED



*The Raiders won the NFL's third longest game when Casper hauled in his third touchdown pass.*

pions 31-28, and Raider Quarterback Ken Stabler was scratching his beard back there on his own 44-yard line.

On the sidelines Oakland Coach John Madden grabbed Running Back Mark van Eeghen and gave him a bit of inside information. "Look for Ghost to the post," said Madden, the bard of the Bay. Translation: Madden had just sent in a play that called for a pass from Stabler to Tight End Dave (Ghost) Casper, who would set up on the right side of the line and then head downfield in the direction of the left goal post or upright. Ghost to the post, get it?

Stabler dropped back, but the 6'4", 230-pound Casper, who had already scored two touchdowns, had difficulty breaking away from Baltimore Linebacker Tom MacLeod. While waiting for Casper to get untracked, Stabler noticed that the Colts had switched into a coverage designed to prevent the Ghost from going to the post. So Stabler wisely lofted the ball not at the left post but rather in the direction of the right corner of the end zone.

"I picked up the ball visually when it was halfway to me," Casper said. "When I looked up I realized the ball was going

to the corner, not the post, so I just ducked the old head, turned and ran. When I looked up again, it was there."

Still, Casper had to twist around and make a rather stupendous catch of Stabler's 42-yard pass—all of which he did, giving Oakland a first down at the Baltimore 14. Three line smashes by Pete Banaszak failed to produce another first down, so on fourth down, with 0:29 showing on the clock, Errol Mann kicked a 22-yard field goal to tie the score at 31 and force the game into overtime.

Inevitably, perhaps, Stabler and Casper also collaborated on the stunning 10-yard touchdown play early in the sixth quarter that gave Oakland a 37-31 victory and ended the third longest game in NFL history after 15 minutes and 43 seconds of sudden death. What was so stunning about it was that Stabler, who was playing on an ailing left knee that had sidelined him for 1½ games, would risk throwing a pass of any kind when he had moved the Raiders within easy field-goal range for the dependable Mann.

"When my knee's really bothering me, it takes something off my ball," said Stabler, who completed 21 of 40 passes for 324 yards. "I can't get the velocity because I can't plant. But I've had this before and it's no big deal."

Casper said, "Stabler can't throw the ball as hard as Bert Jones, but he gets it there quickly and the ball doesn't spin so fast that it rips through your hands. And the ball is always spiraled, so it's easy to catch. If the ball is drilled to a receiver—or not spiraled—you have to catch it in your chest. People who catch balls in their chest drop them now and then, because your chest doesn't have very good fingers."

Casper caught the winning touchdown pass with his fingers, not his chest. Breaking to his left at the snap, Casper got behind Cornerback Nelson Munsey, streaked for the corner and cradled in Stabler's lob a stride or two before he went out of bounds. For the Raiders, it was the first AFC playoff game they had ever won on the road. For the Colts, it was the third straight year they had lost the opening round playoff game.

"I never thought we'd lose," said Oakland Guard Gene Upshaw, "but I never thought it would be that tough to win. Man, those guys played tough. Every time we went out and did something, they went out and did something, too. But

#### PLAYOFFS continued

### THE GHOST TO THE POST

by Ron Reid

'Twas the day before Christmas, and for 56 minutes the Oakland Raiders and the Baltimore Colts had been frolicking around Baltimore's Memorial Stadium in the opening game of the AFC playoffs. Seven times the lead had changed hands. Twice the score had been tied. And now with exactly two minutes to play, the Colts were leading the Super Bowl cham-

*Oakland's 3-4 defense sacked Jones six times for minus 50 yards and helped defuse his bomb.*



whenever they got a score, we'd say, 'Well, let's get another one.' And it's nice to know that you got the weapons to do it."

The Oakland-Baltimore confrontation had been billed as an aerial shootout between Stabler and Jones, but the quarterbacks didn't get their acts together until the second half. Even then it was mostly an all-Stabler show, particularly in the overtime. Jones, harassed constantly by the Raiders' 3-4 defense, was sacked six times, and completed just 12 of his 26 pass attempts for a net of only 114 yards. And no touchdowns. And in the overtime, he was unable to move the Colts to a first down on their three possessions.

Neither team looked very impressive at the beginning of the long afternoon. Oakland's Clarence Davis opened the scoring near the end of the first quarter when he bolted through a handful of Colts on a 30-yard romp to the end zone, but he later hurt the Raiders by twice fumbling the ball to the Colts. Baltimore Safety Bruce Laird, who was penalized for a face-mask violation as he attempted to stop Davis' TD run, tied the score when he intercepted a Stabler pass and ran it back 61 yards for a touchdown. When Tom Linhart kicked a 36-yard field goal, Baltimore had a 10-7 lead at half-time.

Once the third quarter began, it became obvious that Madden and Baltimore Coach Ted Marchbroda had not used clichés such as "Let's play it close to the vest and wait for the breaks, boys" in their halftime harangues. Suddenly it was blitzkrieg time.

Helped by Clifford Branch's superb catch of a 41-yard pass from Stabler, Oakland took a 14-10 lead—and held it for a full 16 seconds—as Stabler hit Casper over the middle with an eight-yard touchdown strike. The Colts immediately stormed back into the lead at 17-14 when Marshall Johnson picked up Ray Guy's following kickoff at his own 13, slanted left, avoided a bunch of tacklers and outraced Guy to the end zone.

Three and one-half minutes later Oakland was back on top at 21-17. David Lee, the Baltimore punter, often looks as if he's walking halfway to Washington, D.C. when he strides into the ball. So Oakland's Ted Hendricks, who played with Lee in Baltimore for five seasons, roared in and blocked Lee's kick: rookie



*At his spare moments, socky-fingered Fred Biletnikoff could do endorsements for a glove factory.*

Jeff Barnes scooped up the loose ball and ran it to the Baltimore 16-yard line. Three plays later Stabler, who had time to spare in the pocket on most occasions, hit the Ghost across the middle from 10 yards out for the touchdown.

The fourth quarter was even more furious. Jones briskly moved the Colts 80 yards to the goal line, but the Oakland defense stopped Colt rushers on three straight runs into the middle. On fourth down, Ron Lee vaulted over left guard for the touchdown—by, oh, two inches. Baltimore now led 24-21.

Exactly 76 seconds later Oakland was back in the lead at 28-24. Stabler passed to van Eeghen for a 23-yard gain. Munsey was called for pass interference on Branch in the end zone and Oakland had

a first and goal at the one. Banaszk slashd across for the score.

That lead lasted all of 78 seconds. Taking charge at the Baltimore 27, Jones moved the Colts back into the lead at 31-28 in just four plays. He hit Raymond Chester for 30 yards, passed to Lee for 16 and Lee covered the last 27 in two rushes.

Maybe Jones did all that too quickly. Whatever, Stabler got the ball again with 2:55 to play, and suddenly there was Casper making his catch on the broken "Ghost to the post" play to set up the game-tying field goal, the overtime, and his game-winning touchdown catch.

For a Christmas ghost, the Baltimore Colts no doubt would have preferred Jacob Marley.

CONTINUED



*Tiny Tom Jackson's two interceptions and fumble recovery set up 17 of the Broncos' 34 points.*

#### PLAYOFFS continued

### THAT CRUSHMAS SPIRIT

by Joe Marshall

A White Christmas? Bah, humbug! In Denver they had something even better—Orange Crushmas. It took place when the town's orange-jerseyed Broncos, led by their Orange Crush defense, stunned the Pittsburgh Steelers 34-21, and when it was over some 75,000 delirious Denver fans spent Christmas Eve caroling "We're No. 1."

The victory was all the sweeter because it was the first time the Broncos had been in a playoff game in their 18-year history. This season Denver had a new coach in Red Miller and a new quarterback in Craig Morton, and the Broncos won 12 games and their first championship of any kind—the AFC West.

Denver staged this latest miracle in Mile High Stadium despite some painfully obvious—and obviously painful—Christmas presents that Gene Barth's officiating crew gave to the Steelers. Denver prevailed because the Bronco defenders were even greater Scrooges than the stingy Steelers, and because of Tiny

Tom. Or rather Tiny Tom—Tom Jackson, a 5' 11", 220-pound corner linebacker who recovered a fumble and intercepted two Terry Bradshaw passes to set up exactly half of the Broncos' 34 points.

Still, the Broncos needed a perfect demonstration of the style of football that earned them to their best season in order to beat a Pittsburgh team that had been in the playoffs six straight years. Two days before the game Miller outlined what he called a "team game plan," a euphemism, really, because the Broncos were counting on their defense to carry their offense. "We've played field position all year," Miller said. "That means that on offense in our territory we won't take a chance on an interception. Instead, we'll eat the ball or run on third down, then kick it over the 50 and force the other team to march."

Jackson spoke for the defense. "Our linebackers have to take good deep drops on passing plays. We want to force the Steelers to dump passes off to their backs up in front of us. Our theory of defense is that you cannot beat us for 70 yards at five or six yards a crack. Somewhere along the way you'll make a mistake."

That field-position philosophy sal-

vaged the first half for Denver. By the end of the second quarter the Steelers had outgained the Broncos 183 yards to 44 and had held the ball for more than 20 of the game's 30 minutes. Still, the score was 14-14. Pittsburgh had marched 56 and 65 yards for scores, but in plowing up and down the field the Steelers had also made mistakes. Denver got its first touchdown on a four-play, 17-yard drive after John Schultz had blocked the first punt of his life. The second score came on a one-play, 10-yard TD burst by Otis Armstrong after Jackson returned a Franco Harris fumble 30 yards.

On the first Bronco touchdown, a seven-yard strike up the middle by rookie Rob Lyle, something happened that almost turned the halftime entertainment into a full-scale brawl. Steeler Defensive Tackle Mean Joe Greene complained to Barth's crew that Bronco Guard Paul Howard had been holding him on too many plays, but the officials offered little in the way of sympathy. Greene complained several more times; then, with less than a minute to play in the second quarter, he took matters into his own hands. Or fists. Mean Joe leveled Howard with a devastating bolo punch to the solar plexus. Astonishingly, Greene's punch escaped the eyes of only six people—the members of Barth's crew.

Two plays later Greene drew a 15-yard penalty for throwing the same sort of punch at Center Mike Montler, who Mean Joe felt was trying to retaliate on Howard's behalf. Montler politely explained that one of his hands just happened to get inside Greene's face mask in the normal course of blocking. All of which led to angry words and some shoving as the two teams headed to their locker rooms and almost brought Miller and Steeler Defensive Line Coach George Perles to blows.

The Broncos clung to their game plan in the third quarter, moving 41 yards to take a 21-14 lead. But Pittsburgh marched 61 yards to tie the score early in the fourth quarter. Denver came right back on the following series and went ahead 24-21 on a 44-yard field goal by Jim Turner. Then Jackson and the Orange Crush took charge.

First, Jackson made a leaping, one-handed interception of a Bradshaw pass and returned it to the Steeler nine-yard line. The Broncos appeared to clinch their victory on a third-down Craig Morton pass that Wide Receiver Haven



Moses caught at the back of the end zone. However, Barth's crew ruled the pass incomplete, saying the ball had been tipped first by another Bronco, Jack Dolbin. A television replay once again embarrassed the officials, showing clearly that the pass had actually been deflected by Steeler Safety Glen Edwards and should have been a Denver touchdown. Instead, the Broncos had to settle for a 25-yard Turner field goal and a shaky 27-21 lead with 5:10 to play.

But no amount of official charity could save the Steelers. On Pittsburgh's next possession, Tiny Tom intercepted his second pass at midfield and returned it to the Pittsburgh 33. Jackson later described his actions. "We've been taught that if a team tries to suck us up by running a pass pattern in front of us there's probably someone running the same pattern behind us," he said. "We're better off dropping back, and then, if they throw to the short man, coming up late to make the hit. Rocky Blier was running a pattern in front of me. I saw Bradshaw look at me, and I guess he thought I was go-

ing to bite and come up. But he never looked at Blier so I held my ground." Bradshaw, in fact, thought he had Lynn Swann open behind Jackson, but his pass flew directly into Jackson's hands.

At that point, with 1:50 left and everyone expecting Denver to protect its lead by running out the clock, the cautious, conservative, field-position-conscious Bronco offense presented the Steelers with a surprise package. When Pittsburgh called time out after Denver ran a line plunge on first down, Morton trotted over to Miller, who calls the Bronco plays, and suggested a bomb. Miller reacted as if he'd been hit with a bomb.

"Craig had to ask me twice," Miller admitted. "But I've learned that they're the ones playing the game, and lots of times their ideas are better than ours." So while the Steelers bunched up to stop another clock-killing run, Morton unloaded a 34-yard scoring pass to Dolbin. Above the end zone stands, the scoreboard flashed over and over and over WE WANT OAKLAND, WE WANT OAKLAND.

Now that's the Crushmas spirit.

## IN THE MAIN, WATERS

by Dan Jenkins

Although living legends were supposed to scamper around Texas Stadium Monday afternoon—legends like Tony Dorsett and Walter Payton who could hand out 8 x 10 glossies of themselves as they skittered along the sidelines—the only thing the Dallas-Chicago NFC playoff game contributed to NFL lore was a legendary new passing combination: Bob Avellini to Charlie Waters. Say again?

Yes, there's something wrong with that. Avellini plays for the Chicago Bears and Waters plays for the Dallas Cowboys. But the fact that three of Avellini's passes went fairly directly into the hands of Waters, the Dallas safety, had a lot to do with the outcome of the game as the Cowboys romped 37-7.

Maybe Dallas would have waltzed into the NFC championship game anyway, because the Cowboys were clearly superior to the Bears, as most had thought they would be. Still, Waters' three inter-

continued

*After fumbling the very first time Dallas had the ball, Dorsett ran true to form, darting through the Chicago defenders for 85 yards and two touchdowns.*



ceptions made it much easier for the 62,920 in Dallas to sing along with the scoreboard when it flashed the lyrics to a parody entitled *Jingle Spurs*.

For record keepers, Waters' three grabs tied an NFL playoff record and the victory was Dallas' 10th in a playoff game since the Great Merger—also a record. Although Waters' heroics led to only six points for the Cowboys—a couple of field goals—the Bears could go nowhere against a Dallas team intent on playing a good football game.

Waters was quizzed on whether the pregame preparations had loaded him up with all sorts of notions about where to be with his outfielder's glove when Avellini aimed the ball at the hole in the stadium roof. "We were inviting him to throw," Waters said. "We laid back and tried to make it look like he had men open. We were betting on his inexperience. It worked."

The Cowboys so outclassed the Bears that Payton had trouble finding room to breathe, let alone to gain any yards. After two periods Payton had only 18 as he was hounded relentlessly by Cowboy Linebackers D. D. Lewis and Tom Henderson. After three quarters he had a mere 31 yards. He finished with 60. Meanwhile, those in the audience who fancied ballcarriers had to relish the steady 85 yards and 80 yards that Dorsett and Robert Newhouse were piling up.

In a sense, Dorsett and Newhouse did their best to make it a close game. The first time Dallas got the ball, Dorsett fumbled it away. And the second time Dallas got the ball, Newhouse fumbled it away. But this only delayed the devastation. Later in the first quarter Roger Staubach threw a 32-yard pass to Dorsett, and the Cowboys were off on a 79-yard march for a 7-0 lead. Early in the second quarter Roger threw a 31-yard pass to Drew Pearson, and they were gone again. On the next play Staubach sailed one to Billy Joe DuPree for the second touchdown. Efren Herrera followed with a 21-yard field goal for a 17-0 lead, and after that, it was all turnovers and cash-ins.

On the first play of the second half Avellini ignored Waters and threw the ball to D. D. Lewis, who ran 23 yards to Chicago's 19-yard line. Newhouse lost three on first down, so Staubach tried Dorsett. Tony did that thing he does best when he manages to slip through guard. He disappeared. A 22-yard touchdown



The Cowboys got the clamps on Payton, holding him to an insignificant 60 yards in 19 carries.

run. And a 24-0 lead for the Cowboys.

Henderson set up the next all-out. He hit Avellini and caused a fumble, which Bill Gregory recovered on the Chicago 11. This led to another Herrera field goal and a 27-0 lead. Later on it was Lewis again, scooping up a fumble by Greg Latta after one of the passes Avellini completed to a teammate. Lewis returned this one 15 yards to the Bears' seven-yard line, and it took all of one play for Dorsett to jam it over from there, 34-0.

Toward the end of the third quarter Waters intercepted his third pass and danced about with it for 14 yards to the Chicago 30. This set up Herrera's third and last field goal. Thus, the statistics for the first 16 minutes of the second half Dallas, by getting the ball on Chicago's 19-, 11-, seven- and 30-yard lines, traveled a whopping total of 67 yards for 20 points. In the fourth quarter Chicago finally scored when Avellini hit Steve Schubert from 34 yards out.

For some reason, no Cowboy player bothered to pick up the game ball when the final gun sounded. It sat there on the carpet for four minutes as the players walked to their tunnels.

Finally, a Dallas equipment man walked out and picked it up. It was probably the only assignment Charlie Waters blew all day.

## BUD THRIVES IN THE MUD

by Joe Marshall

This was supposed to be the year the Minnesota Vikings would get their lumps in the opening round of the NFC playoffs, not in the Super Bowl. After all, this time Minnesota would be playing the Los Angeles Rams in sunny California, not on the frozen tundra of the upper Midwest. And the Vikings wouldn't have Fran Tarkenton available to pick the Rams apart with his dinky sideline flips and sliding scrambles.

So, the final score: Minnesota 14, Los Angeles 7. True, the Rams, who came into the game saying that all their excuses were behind them, played terribly, not scoring until the last minute of the game. But they also were betrayed by their expected ally—the weather. It rained and rained and rained in Los Angeles Monday afternoon, and the Coliseum field quickly turned into a quagmire. "The conditions were more suited to us than to them," admitted Minnesota Coach Bud Grant.

Actually, the Vikings brought the rain with them. Searching for warmth, Grant flew his team from frosty Minnesota to Tucson, Ariz., for four days of workouts before the game. It had hardly rained in

Tucson since September, but it rained two of the four days the Vikings were in town. Minnesota practiced anyway. "The raindrops there are small ones," Place-kicker Fred Cox said.

To all purposes, Minnesota put the game away on its very first possession. Chuck Foreman scoring on a five-yard run at the end of a 70-yard drive. In that series Quarterback Bob Lee, who was subbing for the injured Tarkenton, completed five of five passes for 57 yards—just as Tarkenton probably would have done. The reason for the Vikings' early air raid was the weather, not some weakness in the L.A. defense.

"If you play on bad fields, they're going to get worse," said Grant, who became an expert on bad fields when he coached in Canada. "We wanted to throw early and get any passing advantages we could, because late in the game we knew it would be difficult to throw the ball. On a good field a seven- or 14-point lead isn't very much, but on a bad field it gets to be monumental."

Lee never completed another pass. He never had to. The Vikings scored their second touchdown early in the fourth quarter after a 40-yard drive that consisted of 10 straight running plays. Foreman and Robert Miller, who replaced the injured Brent McClanahan, plowed the ball to the one-yard line, and Sammy Johnson carried it across. That was it. Minnesota threw just three passes in the second half, and ran the ball on each of its last 25 plays. In the third quarter the Vikings' ground game ate up almost 17½ minutes on the clock, leaving the Rams with only 2½ minutes to play catch-up.

L.A.'s Lawrence McCutcheon ran effectively early in the game, but Haden couldn't get the Rams into the end zone. Trailing 7-0 in the second quarter, L.A. had a first down at the Minnesota five. Back to pass, Haden found his main receivers covered, and, in desperation, lobbed the ball deep toward Tight End Charlie Young in the left corner of the end zone.

But Young stopped running just as Haden uncorked his pass, and Minnesota Cornerback Nate Allen was all alone and in perfect position for the interception.

"I thought Charlie was going to the corner, but he hooked up, which is what he's supposed to do if he's not open," said Haden. "He did the right thing and I did the wrong thing. To me, that was the key play of the game. It was a bad,

bad play on my part. I should never have thrown it." Or he should have thrown the ball onto the Harbor Freeway.

Haden said he was responsible for the Rams' ineptness. "I blame the entire game on myself," he said. "I didn't execute at quarterback, and consequently our offense didn't move." Haden had two more passes intercepted—one at the Minnesota four-yard line with 5½ minutes to play in the last quarter, the other,

a Hail Mary heave, at the Minnesota two on the game's final play after the Rams had recovered an onside kick.

Now Minnesota plays Dallas for the NFC championship on New Year's Day. If history keeps repeating itself, the weather will be miserable all week in Dallas, and the Vikings will get to the Super Bowl for the fifth time. In four tries Minnesota has never lost an NFC championship game.

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*The fans in the Coliseum may have suffered in the rain, but the Vikings used it to their advantage.*



There's trouble in Paradise, a/k/a the Meadowlands racetrack. Since this temple to people's insatiable quest for a no-sweat buck opened 16 months ago in a New Jersey swamp, all manner of betting, racing, attendance and purse records have been set.

But a new and unenviable record also has been established at Meadowlands, where both standardbreds and thoroughbreds race year round: most horses getting sick.

The track denies it. Executive Direc-

Belmont are uneasy. They have resorted to thousand-dollar giveaways and have hired big bands to keep bettors two-stepping to the windows.

Meadowlands has become so important and so influential that when it sneezes, tracks elsewhere tend to come down with colds. Which may be more fact than hyperbole. On Jan. 18, Meadowlands opens its second harness season, and there is apprehension, for the track can do little about most of the causes of the respiratory ailments that afflict the

## THEY'RE PAYING THROUGH THE NOSE

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

tor Jack Krumpe said, "If there were such a problem, the horsemen would have come to us and told us. They haven't." Then Krumpe quietly dispatched an underling to check the story out. What Krumpe presumably is hearing back is that respiratory maladies—ailments such as coughs, sore throats and breathing problems that keep horses out of races or make them perform poorly—are rampant at the track. While this type of sickness is a growing problem around the country, Meadowlands leads other tracks by open lengths.

For months there has been talk along the backstretch. Veterinarians and trainers say—anonously or in very low voices—that, for sure, there is a problem. Horsemen are reluctant to knock the goose that has laid racing's largest golden egg, for Meadowlands' reputation for excellence, smart management and largesse is unmatched (SI, Sept. 12).

From the day it opened, the East Rutherford track was a winner. In 181 nights of harness racing in 1977, for example, bettors pushed more than \$338 million through the windows. Meadowlands became the showpiece of standardbred racing. Across the Hudson, Yonkers and Roosevelt raceways fumed as they were displaced as the ranking harness tracks in the land. Business at Yonkers nose-dived so much that there is talk of letting it go to the dogs. Almost as significantly, Meadowlands is just completing a highly successful four-month thoroughbred operation—run at night, contrary to tradition and the wishes of most horsemen. Across the Hudson, Aqueduct and



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

horses. Part of the problem is the location of the track, part that it offers such big money.

Proof of the Meadowlands malady comes from many sources. Dr. Kenneth P. Seeber, a local veterinarian, says he normally uses his fiberoptic endoscope—a flexible, \$5,000 device for looking down horses' throats and around corners—eight to 10 times a week. In 1977 at Meadowlands he used it that many times a day. The view was not pretty. When asked if upper respiratory problems are

worse at Meadowlands than anywhere else, another vet, Dr. Jim Mitchell, says, "There's no denying that." Dr. Allan Wise agrees: "Yes, absolutely." Further, says Wise, "If a horse didn't have respiratory problems at, say, Monmouth [another Jersey track], he does here; if he had problems at Monmouth, they are worse here."

Why?

A primary theory, and the one favored by many horsemen, is air pollution. Dr. Fred Adams says, "Meadowlands is a vic-

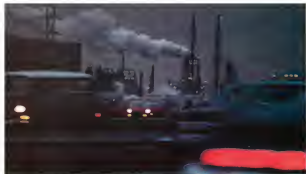
tim of its environment." Thoroughbred Trainer Don Combs says, "It's more difficult for a horse to breathe here. That's fact." And this leads to throat problems, including bleeding. One of harness racing's leading figures, Billy Haughton, says, "Sometimes the odor is so bad at Meadowlands you can hardly stand it." Son Peter chimes in, "It's a horrible place for a racetrack, animals and humans."

Horsemen get medical backing on this point. Dr. Jill Beech is an assistant professor of medicine at the University of

*continued*

*America's spanking-new supertrack, Meadowlands, provides pots of gold but alarming problems for racehorses, a goodly number of which are sickened or slowed by respiratory ailments that veterinarians say could well be the result of air pollution*





*The New Jersey Turnpike cuts close to the track and adds to the area's already severe pollution.*

#### MEADOWLANDS *continued*

Pennsylvania's New Bolton Center, the Mayo Clinic for horses. "I'm getting a lot of calls from Meadowlands," she says. "People are saying their horses didn't have respiratory problems elsewhere but they do there. I say, 'You're not the only one,' and they say, 'Right, I know lots of other horses here with the same problems.' " Beech tells horsemen she thinks the air pollution could be the reason and that if their animals are susceptible to respiratory difficulties, they had better take them elsewhere. "But," says Beech, "Meadowlands is where the money is."

So what does she suggest? "Well, some trainers are smart enough to race there but also smart enough not to stable there." One who will follow this course is Don Galbraith, who helped train ABC Freight, a prominent 3-year-old trotter. "We had eight horses at Meadowlands last spring," says Galbraith, "and five got sick with bad throats." This time around, he says, if he races at Meadowlands he will ship in a horse from Monticello, N. Y. and send it right back afterward. John Chapman, who is one of the nation's leading harness drivers, plans similar

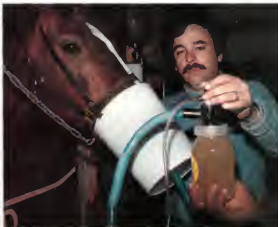
strategy. "There's so much of this respiratory stuff at Meadowlands," he says. "Something's wrong there."

William D. McDowell, head of the Hackensack Meadows Development Commission, is defensive. "I'd be hard pressed to think the air has anything to do with the health of the horses," he says. "If you go by smell alone, you can conclude that everything is rotten."

Which is how things frequently smell around Meadowlands. The surrounding industrial mishmash has been abused for 200 years. Every day more than 16 million pounds of garbage are brought to the area from 140 or so New Jersey communities. Methane gas from the garbage sometimes catches fire and burns uncontrollably. Nearby chemical plants, including a company that makes perfume fragrances, contribute to the pollution. Heavy traffic on the adjacent New Jersey Turnpike further fouls the air. State authorities insist the carbon monoxide is within federal limits but concede that hydrocarbons, substances that are mainly emitted from vehicles and which can't be seen and are seldom smelled, are way above federal standards. Hydrocarbons create ozone, which hampers breathing.



*Air may bring a lungful of trouble.*



*Local veterinarian Alan Wise uses a kind of vaporizer to ease the breathing of many equine patients.*

Finally, the moss in the swamps smells like rotten eggs.

McDowell does admit that "If I were a horseman, I would blame my problems on things I can see and smell. That's normal." Herb Paley, a thoroughbred trainer at Meadowlands, says, "I don't care how clean the government tells me the air is. I know it's unhealthy. I can feel it in my lungs." With that he pulls from his pockets handfuls of pills and decongestants. Veterinarian Wise says, "The quality of the air is so irritating. I feel good when I leave my home in South Jersey and awful when I get here." Byron Sullivan, supervisor of the Newark field office at the New Jersey Bureau of Air Pollution Control, confesses, "There's no way the air around Meadowlands can be beneficial to plants and animals." He suggests a return to bicycles. Regardless, Krumpke says, "The air is cleaner now than when we got here."

One firm loudly criticized by horsemen for emitting odors is Scientific Chemical Processing, Inc., right across the street from the stable area. However, Herbert Case, a vice-president, says his plant emits nothing, and he sniffs, "Our problem is those horrible odors from the racetrack." Another suspect is U.O.P., the company that makes fragrances. Daren Chenkin, a company engineer, says, "Eighty-five to 95% of the time it's not us. I tell you, we're fussy." The Air Pollution Control people say they talk to both companies, and Sullivan says U.O.P. promises to outline a program of pollution control at a meeting this month. Bob Grant, a spokesman for the Hackensack Meadowlands Commission, says, "Maybe the problem is that man is not good for his environment and the brain is an evolutionary mistake."

A major problem with horses is chronic pharyngitis, which is comparable to adenoid difficulties in children. New Bolton Center's Charles W. Raker, an expert on upper respiratory ailments, thinks that "environmental pollutants may be a significant factor" in aggravating pharyngitis. He points out that sucking in huge volumes of dirty air (a horse normally exchanges 40 liters of air a minute at rest, at least 250 under stress) can irritate the throat and lungs, which often results in bleeding.

New Jersey keeps tightening its regulations regarding use of the main anti-bleeding drug, Lasix. The state racing commission thinks that Lasix may mask

other illegal drugs, although evidence seems to suggest that's not why the horsemen at Meadowlands are so eager to use it. Most veterinarians say Lasix lowers horses' blood pressure, which eases pressure on fragile blood vessels, which in turn lessens their chances of breaking and bleeding. "Racing with a mouth full of blood," says Seeber, "is like running with a throat full of water." About 8% of the horses at Meadowlands are injected with Lasix. Seeber, like many veterinarians, considers Lasix valuable because it enables a horse to race closer to his form, thus making him a fairer bet. An anti-Lasix vet, Jim Mitchell, says, "I don't give a damn about the \$2 bettor. I care about the horse." He thinks sick animals should be rested. In his opinion the drug definitely aids breathing and this is a big competitive advantage to any horse that is injected with it, whether he's a bleeder or not.

The greenback lure of Meadowlands may cause as many problems as air pollution. Horses race at the track for around \$110,000 a night. Keystone, a nearby Philadelphia thoroughbred track, averages \$62,000 a day in purse money. Freehold, N.J., a harness track, averages around \$25,000 a day and Philadelphia's Liberty Bell \$33,000. With so much money at stake, owners—who pay up to \$1,000 a month to keep a horse in training—have their heads turned by the size of the Meadowlands pots. They are not anxious to turn a horse out at the first sniffle. Again, Seeber makes a pitch for permissive medication. "It's like GM," he says. "They don't say, 'Ah, nuts, we can't seem to correct all the defects, so we're going to stop making cars.' They work on the problems."

The money attracts horses to Meadowlands from all over the country, and, naturally, they arrive with viral bugs from back home. In world-record time these germs then pass through the barns, especially those occupied by 2- and 3-year-olds. Often, horses on the verge of sickness are shipped anyway, because a Meadowlands race offers too much money to pass up. Some 5,000 horses were shipped in and out of Meadowlands in 1977. In contrast, at Roosevelt and Yonkers raceways essentially the same group of horses race all year.

So the Meadowlands barns the horses face each other. Thus, one coughing horse can ruin a lot of days for everyone else. At most tracks horses are stabled

back to back, with partitions in between. Meadowlands can do something about its barn design, but compared to the other factors involved, this one is minor.

Year-round racing is hard on horses. Seeber says, "If you drive a car only 5,000 miles a year, it doesn't take much care. But if you drive it 50,000, it takes a lot." Still, states insist their tracks stay open year-round because they need the money. Meadowlands will contribute close to \$8 million to New Jersey on a 1977 handle of approximately \$500 million. Trotting's Stanley Dancer is one who doesn't think horses are getting sicker more often at Meadowlands. Rather, he believes that 12-month racing is not conducive to a horse's health.

Trainers are under pressure at Meadowlands—as elsewhere—to enter horses to fill out a field, especially in bad weather. If a horseman complies, he can expect the racing secretary to make a race especially designed for his horse at a later, more advantageous time. So everyone's back gets scratched except the horse's. Without doubt, racing in the cold seems to bother some horses. One theory is that the wintry air the horse sucks in is insufficiently warmed before reaching the lungs.

Dr. Leroy Coggins of Cornell is seeking to get horsemen to use a flu vaccine more than they have been. But the vaccine can make a horse sick for a day or two. For this reason, many horsemen shun it. So what's the answer to controlling upper respiratory illness? Says Coggins, "Don't race as much, certainly don't race in the winter and never let horses get together." Vaporizer-like medication may help. Allergic horses may be aided by being bedded down on peat moss instead of straw and eating prepared feed instead of hay and oats. A horse can be cured by not racing him too soon after a throat ailment. But because the recommended recovery period usually is about a month, that is advice trainers find difficult to swallow. They think in terms of at least three races a month and those big numbers at Meadowlands are a strong temptation.

So all these factors—polluted air, poor weather, too much money at stake, too frequent racing (sometimes as many as three races in 10 days for a horse), too much movement of horses—are converging at the Meadowlands. And there apparently is no cure. Except moving the nation's No. 1 harness track.

# IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE

Plus a lot of slalom, "here" being Vermont's Burke Mountain Academy, where the students learn how to be world-class skiers by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Huddled on 29 acres of northern Vermont mountainside and hunkered down against winter's indignities but also perfectly positioned to preside over the glories of the other seasons, is a controversial enterprise of four small structures called Burke Mountain Academy. The buildings are designated as Frazier House, Moulton House, Woods House and The Gym. They might better be called Isolation, Unreality, Impossible Dreams and Nobody Said Life Was Easy. For life is odd at the academy. The nearest town of any size seems several light-years away.

Burke (student body: 55) is a ski academy under fire from some ski experts who sniff at what it is doing and what it achieves. Burke is also a high school and college for students from 14 to 21, and under fire from academicians who consider its credentials suspect. A faculty member, Richard Enemark, admits, "I can understand how people could wonder what goes on up here in two renovated farmhouses, a log cabin that leaks and a weight room that used to be a horse barn and usually smells like it."

What Burke is—stripped of the makelurey—is a school for rich kids who want to be world-class skiers when they grow up. Or sooner. If its physical appearance is modest, its dreams are not. And, surprisingly, the facts are on Burke's side. Since Burke's beginnings in 1971, with two teacher-coaches and five students in a rented farmhouse, it has trained and helped develop 30 boys and girls who have graduated to the U.S. Ski Team. Eleven of them have gone on to rank among the 30 best skiers in the world in at least one event. Seventy students have graduated from Burke's accredited high school and entered colleges such as Dartmouth, Middlebury, Radcliffe, Swarthmore and Williams.

Standing on a mountainside, surveying the academy, a student named Steve Graham says, "Burke is an atmosphere, more than anything. Without that it's just another ski school with studies." Steve, an 18-year-old from York, Pa., is a typical

Burke. Which is to say he fully expects to make it to the U.S. Ski Team, a pinnacle the size of a pinhead. "My dad always told me I was better than the other guys, and I always believed him," says Steve, who, predictably, is known as Cracker.

Headmaster Warren Witherell disputes the "rich" tag (tuition, training and room and board come to \$5,400 for nine months). "There is all kinds of money for the poor, the deprived, the deprived, the underachiever," he says. "Programs, too. But for the kid at the top, there is very, very little. The most underprivileged is the gifted. We love gifted youngsters who set high goals." Indeed, that was how Steve Graham got in. "You sense a certain pizzazz in a kid who may be shooting above his league," Witherell says. "I saw that in Steve and he looked like a guy I'd like to have around."

Steve has been around, improving, for four years. Things, of course, were bound to improve for him—the first time he went skiing he was hit by a toboggan. Whether he will continue to improve, indeed whether he will maintain the stomach for it, is the question. "Racing is a frame of mind," he says. "To win you've got to have the ability to scare yourself out. It's a sport where you are always on the edge of disaster."

Steve's last remark qualifies as a thumbnail sketch of Burke Academy. It has always been on the verge of financial disaster, and if it doesn't continue to turn out kids who can ski like blazes, it will most likely collapse. The academy must also endure the sharpshooting of

critics who have something against well-to-do students. Counters one parent, "Let's face it, skiing is not a ghetto sport. These are privileged youngsters who feel privileged to be here." Says Graham, "I sure am and I sure do." Or as former student Jeff Darrow likes to say, "This is a paradise."

A paradise does not have to justify itself, although Burke believes it can. That is because the academy thinks it might be a

blueprint, or at least a rough sketch, of what the U.S. must do in order to win consistently in various kinds of world athletic competition. Yet, for all the chest-beating by Witherell, U.S. Alpine Team Director Hank Tauber has reservations. "No one creates world-class winners," he says. "All anyone can do is to give them the opportunity to develop their skills. They have to take themselves to a higher level."

Burke provides nine-month, seven-day training with heavy emphasis on conditioning. As one competitive ski season winds down, the Burkes already are thinking about the next one. While others put away their skis and their thoughts of skiing, Burke Mountain students still hike to mountaintops where there is snow. And as for dismissing skiing from their minds—never. Steve Graham, for example, and 20 other Burkes followed the snow to South America last summer. "Right now there are a lot of skiers on my level," he says. "Maybe by going down there, I can get a little ahead."

The academy offers an innovative educational program styled to fit around skiing. Public schools, understandably, can't do this. Finn Gunderson, a U.S. Women's Ski Team coach, says, "It is very difficult to make skiing and a traditional American education compatible. Burke was founded to close the gap."

When fresh snow falls, Witherell reschedules morning classes for the afternoon and everyone goes skiing. When Roots was on television last winter, the students were interested in seeing it. Because it was on late in the evening, Witherell simply delayed the start of morning



classes. Witherell has been known to cancel all classes for a week and instruct every student and faculty member to use the time to read a full-length biography, feeling that a break in the routine is needed in the midst of the long competition season. "I don't think you should ever let school get in the way of a child's education," says Witherell. Steve Graham selected *Ishi in Two Worlds, Biography of the Last Wild Indian in North America*. "A funny thing happened to me when I came to Burke," he says. "I discovered an interest in learning."

Two of the reasons Burke has critics are because it was the first skiing sports academy and because it is the best. The caliber of the education Witherell offers is questionable (generally, students ski half a day and study half a day, but skiing's half is bigger) and he concedes that "traditional educators will question us, but there are lots of roads to Jerusalem."

Some think of Burke—erroneously—as a dumping ground for incorrigible kids who won't do anything but ski. By and large, it is a school without classrooms. There are no homerooms, study halls, whistles, horns, intercoms, tests, grades or class ranks. There is a blackboard, but nobody knows where it is. There are no dorm proctors because, as Witherell says, "Then you get one person who is responsible and 15 who aren't."

Classes are usually held in faculty apartments. "It's possible to sit on the floor and sip a cup of tea and learn," says Enemark. Sure enough, there are Graham and half a dozen other students in Enemark's apartment, sitting on a green carpet, sipping tea and listening to the creative-writing effort of a student who is describing a pimp as someone who wears "Gucci loafers that drive his hookers wild." In another bow to flexibility, Witherell recently decreed no dessert on

Thursday nights in the dining hall, instead, faculty members (there are 10) make dessert for the students, and the youngsters gather at staff members' homes to eat it and talk.

"We have an odd theory about education here," says Enemark. "It's called Teaching Kids How To Think." Still, doubt lingers. Says the father of one student, "Frankly, I think the kids are far better prepared to stay in college than they are to get in." But continual emphasis on education, rather than skiing, brings respectability. Another parent says, "I sure wasn't going to spend \$5,400 for my child not to learn."

Leighton Hazlehurst, who directs the college program at Burke (students can earn about 12 credit hours in a year, compared to about 30 for a regular, full-time college student), has written, "At Burke, one senses that success is fleeting and hope enduring. And this, it seems to me,

*continued*

*Leaving schoolwork behind for the more serious business of studying how to negotiate a hill, these Burkes are aiming at straight A's in achieving*



is the way things should be." This attitude has rubbed off on Steve Graham, who considers himself "self-centered but perceptive," and who says, "You learn from your losses and failures. Besides, the winner isn't always the wisest or the best athlete."

A youngster who skis at nearby Stowe shakes his head when asked about the academy. "All Burke and no play," he says. Burke is a lot of work but not all work. For fun, students will run down to the little village of East Burke, visit The Whapple-Tree, buy a bag of used clothing for a quarter and dress up for a party. They dance at the Bear Den. Not long ago they had a high old time stuffing peanut butter into each other's ears. They go rafting in the spring, sleep out in the meadows, visit the swimming hole and go sugaring. "Life here is like what kids did 40 years ago," says Witherell.

"These kids come the closest of any in the country to believing in the American dream," Enemark says. "They think if you work hard, you will succeed." The students are straight. Drugs, booze and hanging around on street corners (if there were street corners) are mainly things they are familiar with from television, although there was a flap several years ago over pot smoking. "These are all youngsters with a big dream," says Witherell. "What we do is help them chase it."

Why Burke works, assuming it does, is not so mysterious. The academy takes highly motivated, bright youngsters, gives them concentrated training and the

best food in one of the most competitive skiing states in the union, on a mountain with plenty of snow-making equipment and top coaches. Then it makes them think they're special, that they are doing something significant and that they're in charge. For example, students are consulted on which applicants the school should accept.

After hearing about Burke from a friend, Steve Graham took a shine to the place when he arrived for his interview and found Warren Witherell sitting on the floor with several students, eating Cheerios and watching Bugs Bunny on television. Later, Steve rode up the chair lift with a student who said, "Warren says I'm supposed to see if I like you." Given all this, though, Burke is not an asylum where the inmates are in control. As a parent says, "The kids can do whatever they want as long as it's also what Warren wants."

Of the 29 members of this year's U.S. A and B teams, 11 have a Burke connection. (To make the A team, a man must be ranked among the 30 best skiers in the world in his event; a woman, among the top 15. To get on the B team, Americans must be ranked among the second 30 men or the second 15 women in the world.)

Among the male skiers who have gone to Burke are A-teamers Cary Adgate ("If you've got the aptitude, Burke has the environment"), Geoff Bruce and Eric Wilson. Four Burke women are A-team skiers—Mary Seaton ("If I hadn't been at

Burke, I wouldn't have made it"), Viki Fleckenstein, Maggie Crane and Becky Dorsey. Four more Burkes are on the B teams—Holly Flanders, Tianna Tutt, Peter Dodge and Bobby Hill.

These numbers may be misleading, however. In the past, top U.S. Ski Team people took a "so what" attitude. Says one official, "Making the national team is nice, but the name of the game is winning internationally." The U.S. has never been very good at this.

"The kids just have to ski better, which means beyond their ability," says Witherell. "Besides, it's a tough league when you play mostly away games." The national team people once had a tendency to believe that great skiers will suddenly ski off a mountain somewhere and onto the top of the world. In fact, nearly all of the best U.S. skiers have grown up at the bottom of ski hills—Bobby Werner, Billy Kidd, Jimmie Heuga, Barbara Ann Cochran, Cindy Nelson, Phil and Steve Mahre. Not many people in this country live within walking distance of a chair lift. Ergo, the U.S. must be missing a lot of potentially great talent. Burke Mountain and its imitators might help here. Already several city kids are emerging, such as Dorsey, who is from the Boston area, and Fleckenstein, who is from Syracuse.

Also, after years of sniping, it appears that the U.S. Ski Team and the development programs—like Burke's—are now ready to cooperate. Or at least talk to each other. Previously, the development people bellyached that the U.S. team grabbed off competitors when they were too young then failed to develop them further. The U.S. coaches grouched that they were getting skiers of marginal ability with neither the will nor the skill to win internationally. With repeated failures in competition, there was plenty of blame to go around.

But now, following a peace conference earlier this year, utterances from both sides sound like honeymoon talk. This fall the national teams even trained at Burke, something that never could have happened in the old days.

Jon Bowerman, coach of the national women's team, says, "It will take superstars to win internationally, and superstars just develop on their own. They are the kind of kids who go out and ding around in the snow and are naturals." And while that is probably true, there is a new emphasis on the team concept, with hope that less reliance on super-

The goal at Burke is to sharpen the ski as well as the mind, as student John Oliver is learning.



skiers and more on team depth should produce dividends. Steve Graham, who admits his skiing technique wasn't much when he came to Burke ("What do you expect? I was from Pennsylvania"), agrees, sort of. "I think to win internationally you do have to be raised in the mountains, be an unbelievable athlete or come from Burke," he says. Steve is betting on Burke.

Chris Jones, formerly an assistant with the national women's team, coached at Burke for five years. "Chris told the kids back at the beginning that if they would have faith in our program, some of them would make it to the World Cup level," says Witherell. "Well, Chris had his fingers crossed."

Nobody has his fingers crossed anymore. And nobody disputes that Witherell is an innovator with a highly personal view of the world. "I live on an island in Lake George all summer," he says. "Islanders have their own vision and believe in it. I'm comfortable standing alone."

The headmaster tries to achieve a balance between expectation and reality; he stresses not so much the importance of making it to the top as of skiing up to potential. He doesn't like talk of intensity and he worries about pressure. The latter, unquestionably, is a problem for all the top skiers, of whom another Burke coach, George Rau, says, "They burn, they sizzle." Such desire can lead an athlete to the point where, as Vince Lombardi said, "There's nothing to do but



Studying stelton under Witherell, Steve Graham also developed a new interest in academic pursuits.

scream." Still, results are what everyone wants.

All this began the day a Boston-area skier, Martha Coughlin, asked Witherell, who was teaching ski racing to all comers at Burke Mountain for \$10 a day, if he would tutor her during the winter so she could stay and ski. And it was Martha (she later made the B team) who scribbled out the first sign: "Burke Mountain Academy. For hungry ski racers and self-motivated students. Warren Witherell—headmaster and JANITOR."

Witherell knew he had something when in the spring of 1971 five of his 14 students refused to go home. Again. Steve Graham is typical. "The worst moment I ever had at Burke," he says, "was when I had to go home for the summer after my first year. I didn't want to go, and when I got to Pennsylvania. I didn't want to be there."

To found a school, Witherell says, "The first thing you do is get stationery printed up. Nobody takes you seriously until you have stationery." Soon, lots of people were taking the Burke letterhead seriously. Especially competitors from the ski-and-giggle programs, who found themselves getting thrashed by the Burke Turkeys, as they call themselves. Witherell started the seven-day-a-week training program—and it worked psychologically wonders. Says Jeff Darrow, "We would spend all fall running up mountains and throwing up on the side of the road. We just knew there couldn't have been anybody who had trained any harder." Says Chris Jones, "We're either in better shape than anyone else or we think

we are. Either way works." The students study ski movies. And Witherell, who is a bug on the technical aspects of skiing, insists on precision. Some students guffaw and say technique is nothing but skiing fast. Others give flip answers to serious questions. Sample: How do I stop my skis from chattering? Answer: Don't let them start.

One question to which there is no flip answer is how does Witherell keep Burke afloat. The academic budget is \$300,000 a year, tuition and fees bring in only \$250,000. Moreover, in an assault on the rich-school rap, Witherell hands out \$45,000 a year in scholarships. God apparently does take care of drunks and headmasters. In 1973 somebody named Jac-Pierre sent in \$13,000, followed by \$3,000, then another \$2,000. Witherell has little idea of who Jac-Pierre is; thank-you letters have been returned unopened. Another \$60,000 was contributed by another source, who insists on anonymity. Yet Witherell says, "Sometimes I think I hope we don't find \$1 million, and if we do, we won't tell the kids." Why? "We don't need mads making our beds and other people shoveling our walks."

So Burke is a big family without a mom, a high school without a football team; a university without tenure squabbles. It is possibly a sham without justification, but unquestionably it is a community of dreamers who work to become strong so they are able to take risks. As former student Roger Prevot says, "Nobody can come out of Burke a failure. I long to be back there. I think I always will."

END

Give me gilded kids, says Headmaster Witherell





# BLUE-COLLAR COACH IN A BUTTON-DOWN LEAGUE

Pete Carril looks dumpy, smokes stogies and hangs around a seedy bar, but with a 190-81 basketball record at Princeton, he does not need an Ivy image  
by KENT HANNON

Billy Ometlchenko tells the story best. Although any of his teammates seated around a table at The Pub, Princeton's on-campus watering hole, could relate a similar encounter. This one took place several years ago when Ometlchenko, now a starting guard on the Princeton basketball team, was a senior at Great Neck (N.Y.) North High School and was being recruited by a few colleges in the East.

"One night I was told that Pete Carril, the Princeton coach, would be in the stands to watch me play," Ometlchenko recalls. "During the game I noticed this bald little man lying down on the bleachers with his head propped up on one elbow. He looked like a hum. He was wearing gray corduroys with suspenders and Hush Puppies with white socks, and he was sucking on a cigar butt that was maybe an inch long. After the game, my coach came by my locker and said, 'Bully, I want you to meet Coach Carril.' And it was him, the guy in the bleachers! I mean, he looked like Columbo. I didn't see how he could be from Princeton. He said, 'Nice to see ya, nice to see ya,' and then spent the next 20 minutes tearing my game apart. I couldn't get over

him. He was wonderful. So here I am at Princeton, paying \$6,500 a year to play basketball for him."

Ometlchenko's recruiting tale describes the predicament that Pete Carril finds himself in while trying to foster winning basketball at a rich man's school. It also hints at how he has gone about assembling such successful teams as his present group, which is attempting to make the Tigers the strongest defensive team in the nation for the third season in a row and which will be aiming for Princeton's third straight Ivy League championship when conference play begins this week.

First, Carril stuns a prospective player with his "I'm no Clark Gable" appearance (though he does have Gable's ears). Then he gives the recruit an honest—some might say brutal—appraisal of his talent. "When Barnes Hauptfuehrer came here," says Carril of a former Princeton center who was drafted by the pros in the third round, "I told him all he had was a good handshake." Next, he mentions the fact that freshmen are too busy studying to play varsity ball in the Ivy League (although they will be eligible next season) and that the annual tab for a Princeton education is \$6,500, not counting any crew-neck sweaters a player might purchase at one of those

quaint little clothing shops along Nassau Street.

As a parting shot, Carril will throw in some poetry, usually something about the struggles of life that he can relate to his arduous task at Princeton. One of his favorite lines comes from Thomas Hardy's *The Convergence of the Twain*, which is about the sinking of the *Titanic*: "And as the smart ship grew/In stature, grace, and hue./In shadowy silent distance grew the iceberg too."

Carril likes to pose as an intractable, if somewhat bumbling, sidewalk philosopher who is at once a congenial and rigid advocate of conservative values. But he is a little too aware of what's going on to pull it off. He is sophisticated enough to appreciate both sides of almost any argument—whether it involves a fight between him and the admissions department over getting a good high school player into Princeton or something more substantial, like the naming of Hapthorn Harbor—and this torments him. As a result, Carril, who is a genuinely funny man when he wants to be, goes back and forth between comedy (a willingness to poke fun at even his most sacred ideas) and tragedy (a foreboding that the world is going to pot around him) so often that nobody around him thinks anything of it. He worries about everything, including who is going to go out to pick up the vegetable soup for lunch. When Princeton beat a good St. Bonaventure team 59-55 to win last year's Kodak Classic, Carril came to the big alumni victory party at Rochester, N.Y. wearing a frown. "Aren't you ever going to be happy, Coach?" asked his star player, Frank Szwedski. "I don't know, Frankie," said Carril. But then he ordered the new trophy filled with beer, and everybody got a little drunk.

This is hardly the stuff of which or-

continued

Carril justifies being rough on refs by saying the precise Tiger style requires precision officiating



Carril, who can be genuinely funny when the

#### PETE CARRIL, *coach*

inary basketball coaches, most of whom are unalashed backslappers, are made, but Carril's odd personality must be pervasive, because the Tigers have won 35 of their last 36 Ivy League games while continuing a Princeton tradition of knocking off a couple of powerhouses, a Notre Dame or an Alabama, every season. The Tigers have done all this despite a recruiting budget of \$3,800 a year, which, as a North Carolina assistant coach recently told Carril, "is what we spend on telephone calls." Also working against Carril's chances for consistent success are Princeton's entrance requirements, which would prevent most good players from going there, even if they were inclined to. Sowinski, the leading scorer, maintains close to an A average in engineering. His college-board scores coming out of high school were 1,230, good enough so that few admissions departments outside the Ivy League would have thought twice about his qualifications. But, of the three categories—likely, probable, unlikely—into which Princeton puts applicants during the initial phases of the admissions process, Sowinski was listed as a probable.

The case of Bill Bradley notwithstanding, the Tigers have uncovered few athletically skilled intellectuals over the years. To be sure, since he took over as coach in 1967, Carril has produced four first-round pro draft picks—Geoff Petrie and John Hummer (1970), Brian Taylor (1972) and Armond Hill (1976)—but even with those players in the lineup the Tigers had to scratch and claw for everything. They succeeded because of the passion Carril instills in them for defense (they held their opponents to 51.7 points

a game in 1976-77, relying mainly on old-fashioned half-court man-to-man) and the brilliance of his tightly disciplined offense. Since the speedy Taylor signed with the Nets, Carril has become even more conservative, slowing the pace of his offense to a walk.

"Depending on how much talent the other team has, we might run through a series of plays three or four times before we even look for a shot," says Deatchenko. "It isn't that we can't get a shot the first time through. Coach Carril's philosophy says that we should make our opponents play defense longer than they're used to. That makes them anxious, they commit dumb fouls on defense and mental mistakes when they get the ball back. The only thing wrong with our system is that it puts quite a lot of pressure on the player who finally takes the shot for us. He better make it."

Princeton's simple style of pokes and rolls, screens and back-door plays lulls a lot of people to sleep—and not just Tiger opponents. "Some of our games are pretty boring," says Center Bob Roma. "I remember when I was on the freshman team I didn't even go to all the varsity games."

Basketball at Princeton is strictly light entertainment, providing students and faculty with an early evening respite from the writings of Darwin or Plato. There is no rush for season seats among town-people, most of them buy tickets at the door. As Carril says, "The real superstars here are in the library. In fact, some of them take their sleeping bags into the stacks so they can study off and on all night long. My son is one of them. He's more interested in whether the bald eagle will become extinct than whether the basketball team will win. He came by the house late this fall, shook my hand and said, 'Good luck during the season, Dad.' The president of the university has a \$228 million fusion project to worry about. Does he have time to think about the basketball team? Truthfully, I think we occupy our proper place here. But that makes my job pretty difficult."

The other day Carril went out for a leisurely afternoon drive and decided to take a visitor on a sightseeing tour of the campus.

"Hold it," barked a uniformed guard at the rear gate. "Where are you going?"

"I just thought I'd show this fellow the campus," replied Carril.

"I'm sorry, but your sacker has expired."

"I know," said Carril, who seemed to enjoy the fact that the guard obviously did not know who he was. "But . . ."

"That means you can't drive on campus until you get a new one."

Carril turned to his passenger and, half laughing and half sneering, said, "Do you think Dean Smith has to put up with this?" Further evidence that around here you learn humility."

Being heckled by genuine obstacles on all sides does not satisfy Carril, he works at making his problems seem worse than they are. As he walks slowly onto the floor before a game at Jadwin Gymnasium, he appears near death. Ah, the burden of it all has finally broken the little



Spiral moves him, spends most of his time

guy down. But, no, the ball is in the air, and he erupts into a sideline coaching act that is pure theater—reminiscent of Zero Mostel's strange metamorphosis in *Rhinoceros*. Carril wants every call from the officials. He hitches and moans, stomps the floor, yanks at his shirt and all but cries when things fail to go in Princeton's favor.

When the Tigers win, you would never know it from looking at Carril as he walks off the floor dragging his coat. Actually, he doesn't walk, he trudges. His large, sad eyes and dark complexion seem to hark back to Old Castile, the region in Spain where his father was born and where for centuries Moors and Christians battled for the right to live on barren soil in an unforgiving climate. If ever

there were someone whose background seemed ill-suited to collegiate Gothic and Ivy League pretense.

Carril was born in Bethlehem, Pa. on July 10, 1930, and lived for the first 20 years of his life at the corner of Third Street, directly across from the Bethlehem Steel works where his father found a job after immigrating. The family's day-to-day existence was rather grim, but Carril recalls how grateful his parents were to have a weekly paycheck during the Depression and how much fun he had down at the Bethlehem Boys' Club.

It became Carril's second home. He acquired his great love for pool by hustling games there after school, and he played on the club baseball team with

seus. Nobody ever leaves that area. There is a statue of a bugler on top of a building in the center of Easton that, according to local legend, keeps calling to those who have strayed until they return. I'm not sure that bugler is ever going to get me, but when I took the coaching job at Princeton, my wife's parents sent us two huge flower pots full of soil. They didn't trust New Jersey dirt."

Neither Carril's players nor the Tigers' opponents will believe this, but in high school he was a 5'7" run-and-gun guard whose coach believed that a good team should take 100 shots a night. Princeton averaged 46 shots a game last season. Back then, Carril says, he shot enough to make his teammates mad. He was a smart, quick player who made a small man's All-America team when he was a senior at Lafayette College.

Carril's first college coaching job was stickier than the one he has at Princeton, because the school was located in his hometown. The Lehigh varsity was 4-17 the year before he arrived, and the freshman team was worse. Carril put those same players through the wringer and somehow came out with an 11-12 team that pulled several upsets. Still, Lehigh is Lehigh, and under normal circumstances Carril's small-time heroics merely would have qualified him for another year there. But that spring Carril's old college coach, Butch van Breda Kolff, having taken Princeton to the threshold of an NCAA title with Bradley, was leaving to coach the Los Angeles Lakers.

"I know a guy who is the best coach in the world," van Breda Kolff told the Princeton athletic committee. "But you'll never have him, because he doesn't fit the Ivy League image. He's holding 'He's got floppy ears.' He doesn't dress Ivy. He's just plain Pete Carril."

Van Breda Kolff was no button-down type himself. He violated the canons of sartorial good taste by wearing cut-off sweat pants on the Princeton golf course, and he was a chain smoker of cigars—a nasty habit he picked up from Carril during an evening of player-coach beer drinking at Lafayette. But van Breda Kolff's record—four Ivy titles in five years—proved that neatness was not essential to winning at Princeton. When the committee got a glimpse of Carril, they rightly assumed he was simply a sawed-off version of VBB.

Carril's first Princeton team won 20

games, tied for the 1967-68 Ivy title and managed to keep its poise during a string of nine consecutive road games—something that was to become a scheduling trend. What makes Carril's 190-81 record during 10½ years at Princeton even more remarkable is that the Tigers have averaged 15 away games per season. Many of those matchups have been with powerful non-conference opponents, who, not surprisingly, have a combined record of 57-73 against Princeton.

Carril's next team won the Ivy championship outright. Then in a game that is still talked about by basketball buffs, the Tigers came within a whisker of knocking off UCLA at Pauley Pavilion in the finals of the 1969 Bruin Classic. It took a 12-foot jumper by Sidney Wicks with 03 left to play to give the eventual NCAA champions a 76-75 victory. In 1971-72 Princeton bombed North Carolina 89-73 when the Tar Heels, with Bob McAdoo and Bobby Jones, were on the way to finishing third in the NCAA. The next season Florida State, with four starters back from a second-place NCAA team, fell by a 61-59 score. The list of David and Goliath encounters goes on and on, including the Tigers' victories over Holy Cross, South Carolina, Oregon and Providence on their way to the 1975 NIT championship. Alabama was victimized 61-59 during the 1975-76 season. And last year Notre Dame, ranked second in the country at the time, was embarrassed by a 76-62 score.

Predictably, these achievements have produced a great deal of admiration for Carril among his colleagues, and his reputation has also spread to the pros, to which two of his players—Petrie and

continued



especially during games: *conspiring that*

Chuck Bednarik, a neighborhood hero who later became a football Hall of Famer with the Philadelphia Eagles. Dues were \$64 a year, and young Pete could sometimes make that much on a summer afternoon selling watermelon to the workmen at the Bethlehem drop forge. In those days there was no fence to keep passersby off the factory grounds; but one was erected in 1941, a time, Carril recalls, when he looked out his window one day and saw National Guard tanks rolling up to quell the violence caused by the national steel strike.

"In that part of Pennsylvania people lead especially isolated lives," says Carril. "I can remember taking a 10-mile bus ride to Easton for a high school basketball game and thinking I was going over-

*the victory is going to put before his lips*



Taylor—came so well prepared that they were Rookies of the Year. John Killilea, the former Boston Celtic assistant coach who is now with the Milwaukee Bucks, remembers being in Los Angeles and watching Princeton work out before its '69 meeting with UCLA. "I listened while Carril went over his game plan," says Killilea, "and that night Princeton played practically a perfect game. They did everything the way Carril outlined it and lost on a physical feat by Wicks. It's the best example of following a game plan I've ever seen."

Chuck Daly, for years Carril's rival at Penn and now an assistant coach with the Philadelphia 76ers, once gave a pep talk to his Quaker team in which he said, "We have to play our hearts out to win this game. Princeton is a tough team. And they're better coached."

Praise, even when it comes from his peers, does not sit well with Carril. He is too preoccupied with his Princeton-is-like-no-place-else malaise to take solace in old victories or pots on the back. He feels no kinship with the majority of coaches in the country, who can offer players full athletic scholarships worth thousands of dollars a year, while the Ivy League hands out aid only according to need. This has sentenced him to some depressing evenings in places like Mansfield, Pa., listening to Tom McMillen's mother tell him, "We have been tremendously impressed with Princeton but, tell me, why don't you give scholarships? It doesn't seem fair for us to have to pay all that money when Tommy can get a scholarship somewhere else."

Ah, the irony. McMillen, destined to be a Rhodes scholar, was unwilling to pay to play at Princeton and ended up at Maryland. Ron Hargler, who made Carril's life miserable as a player at Penn, wanted to go to Princeton and could have qualified for a lot of aid, but found it was the only Ivy League school that would not accept him.

The admissions department has been known as Heartbreak Hotel to Carril ever since 1970, when he learned that Jan van Breda Kolf, a good student and the son of the former coach, was not going to be accepted at Princeton. The incident set off a bitter feud such as had not taken place since Hamilton and Burr, a Princeton alumnus, shot it out above the Palisades in 1804. Van Breda Kolf's college board scores were borderline by Princeton's standards, but he went on to become a B student at Vanderbilt and was named Southeastern Conference Player of the Year as a senior. Carril has never gotten over the van Breda Kolf case, and his resultant cynicism seems to have affected his relationships with people he used to be close to.

"I consider Pete to be a friend of mine," says Brown Coach Gerry Alaimo, who played pinochle with Carril before Princeton-Brown games until Pete suddenly announced he was not playing anymore. "But there are things I don't like about him. I think he intimidates officials. I don't know if it's because of his size—he is a little squirt—or his reputation. But he gets away with a lot."

**W**hich he does, sometimes. But ref-hater or not, Carril's reputation suffers mostly because until this year he never belonged to the National Association of Basketball Coaches. This means that during those lively sessions in the crowded hotel lobbies at the NCAA finals he has never been kidded by his fellows about such matters as his treatment of officials. The coaches' meetings are always held at the tournament, but Carril prefers to stay home and watch the games on TV.

"I am tough to referee a game for," Carril admitted recently, while puffing on what was left of an El Producto and checking out the paint that was peeling off the ceiling of his den. "I want them to be totally fair. I don't want them to influence the game in the least. You have to remember that with our players we have to do so many little things to be successful. If we are off by just this much, many of our close wins would turn into close losses. That's why I don't have time to worry about being friends with coaches. Too many of them want to talk about how your wife and family are before the game, and then 10 minutes later we're trying to knock each other's heads off. I say forget about the buddy-buddy stuff until after the season. Then maybe we'll go over to Andy's Tavern and have a beer together."

Andy's is the little place across the tracks where Carril goes to unwind and avoid what he calls "the intelligentsia—those who don't want to see us get too big." When Joe Fasanella, the proprietor, was alive, he rode herd on anybody who came in and pestered Carril about bas-

kettball while the coach was trying to eat pizza or play cards. If Uncle Joe got wind of an impertinent questioner, he would ring a large bell behind the bar, and the intruder either shut up or was escorted to the street. If Carril was going to be out late on a recruiting trip, Fasanella had a midnight snack waiting for him when he got back to town. After losing to Kentucky in last year's NCAA tournament and staying up all night celebrating the end of the season with his players, Carril walked into Andy's at 7 a.m. and Joe forthwith served up cognac and scrambled eggs.

When Fasanella died in September, Carril was crushed. At the wake he pressed a small package into Joe's hands. Wrapped around it was a note that read, "Wherever you're going you might be able to use these." Inside the slip of paper was a pinochle deck.

Fasanella, a blue-collar guy who ran the dumpiest bar in town, was typical of Carril's friends. Andy's is not merely an escape for Carril; it is more a way of life to him than Princeton University is. The rest of his cronies include Red Trani, a stonemason who takes a nap in Carril's office every morning while he runs game films (who wouldn't be put to sleep by those?); George Boccanfuso, the Princeton athletic maintenance supervisor, who reputedly keeps \$900 in cash in the trunk of his car. \$500 in half-dollars in his refrigerator and an undisclosed number of coins buried in his backyard; and Mary Bressler, who is head of the sociology department at Princeton but is excluded from Carril's list of intelligentsia because "he isn't pompous," Bressler says. "Pete is the last Calvinist. His teams win because it's his will against the players." And he is tougher.

Despite Carril's endless complaining that nobody on campus gives a hoot about his basketball team, it seems of late that he has acquired a following of friends and admirers who do not care all that much about winning and losing, but who appreciate someone who produces amid adversity. *The Daily Princetonian* recently conducted a survey to find out who students felt best fulfilled the objectives of his position as Princeton President. William Bowen did not come out on top, nor did either of the university's two Nobel laureates or the physicists who ran that expensive fusion project. Just plain Pete Carril did.



# The Merit Report

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A two-year update on the cigarette that set  
a new taste standard for low tar smoking.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '77  
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method

A good tasting low tar cigarette?  
It seemed impossible.

Time and time again smokers had rushed out to try a new low tar cigarette hoping *this* time the experience would be a good one.

Time and time again, they were disappointed.

By the early 1970's, most smokers had tried a low tar cigarette. Yet eight out of ten had rejected them.

Despite all the promises of "low tar, good taste," most of the cigarettes just didn't deliver.

It looked like no low tar cigarette would ever break the mold.

Then one did.

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### January, 1975: Richmond Research Team Perfects 'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco.

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After twelve years of intensive effort, a team of scientists at the Philip Morris



Philip Morris Research Center, Trenton, New Jersey, N.J.

Richmond Research Center successfully isolated certain "key" flavor ingredients of tobacco in cigarette smoke.

*Natural ingredients that possess the*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

*unique ability to deliver taste way out of proportion to tar!*

By adding these ingredients back into tobacco, 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco was developed and perfected. This special tobacco was then packed into a new low tar cigarette called MERIT.

Taste tests immediately began to confirm the breakthrough.

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### August, 1975: Tests Prove New MERIT Delivers Taste Of Cigarettes Having Up To 60% More Tar.

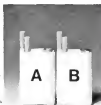
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MERIT was tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes with thousands of smokers across the country.

The results were conclusive:

*MERIT was reported by a majority of smokers tested to deliver as much — or more — taste than cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!*

*Repeat: delivered as much — or more — taste.*



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### January, 1976: Cigarette Market Bombshell!

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MERIT was introduced to smokers in January, 1976. In just three months, it had passed 45 older cigarette brands.

By the end of the year, it had moved up to 13th position among all cigarette brands.

Kings 8mg\* tar/0.6mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug '77  
100's 12mg. tar/0.9mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method

"MERIT may turn out to be the most successful new cigarette introduction ever."—*The Maxwell Report*, December, 1976.

But smokers weren't interested in MERIT success. They were interested in—and excited about—MERIT taste. So much so, that an unprecedented amount of unsolicited smoker mail came in applauding the breakthrough.

*"After smoking one pack, I was really amazed... they are as good as the cigarettes with higher tar."*

Mrs. Brenda Crane  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

*"Merit cigarettes have converted me from a confirmed high tar cigarette smoker to a low tar smoker."*

Mr. Bob H. King  
Dallas, Texas

Many smokers requested that MERIT be made available in a longer length.

That request was met.



LOW TAR-ENRICHED FLAVOR

### January, 1977: Taste Science Breakthrough Brought To 100's Smokers.

The MERIT technology that produced a whole new taste standard in low tar smoking was applied to a 100 mm length cigarette with striking results.

In tests against a number of major 100 mm brands ranging from 17 mg to 19 mg tar, smokers reported that,

overall, they liked the taste of new 12 mg tar MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar brands tested!

The taste barrier for low tar smoking had been broken again. For the second time, MERIT delivered what high tar cigarette smokers had always said they wanted: a good-tasting low tar cigarette.

### December, 1977: 75% Of All MERIT Smokers Coming From High Tar Brands.

High tar smoking over? What seemed impossible to consider once, may not seem so remote today.

According to a recent survey, three-fourths of MERIT smokers have switched directly from a high tar brand!

The toughest taste "critics" of low tar smoking are switching to—and sticking with—MERIT.

With the technology, the test results, and now this kind of response from high tar smokers, there's little doubt.


MERIT is the first major alternative to high tar smoking.

And you can taste it.

# MERIT

## Kings & 100's

"HELLO STRANGER, DIDN'T I MARRY YOU IN CHICAGO?"

A color photograph of a man and a woman. The woman, in the foreground, has blonde hair and is wearing an orange and white horizontally striped polo shirt. She is smiling and looking down at a small white object she is holding in her hands. The man, behind her, has dark hair and a mustache, and is looking off to the side. He is wearing a light-colored shirt. The background is a plain, light blue color.

It doesn't matter how long you have known someone—everyone's personality changes in Las Vegas. Spirits are lifted to new heights as the curtains are raised for an evening of glittering stage entertainment; the tanned and laughing faces of friends and lovers reflect the warm glow of footlights. Every couple discovers a new zest for life under the palms and shares a wonderland of fun dazzled by a desert sun as bright as the growing gleam in each eye. More people visit Las Vegas from Illinois than any State but California. Las Vegas is popular with your neighbors and will thrill you too. Join the vacationers from the Chicago area who are enjoying the relaxation of a Winter week in the sunny West. Call your travel agent.



**LAS VEGAS**

LAS VEGAS CONVENTION AND VISITORS AUTHORITY

It is not hard to distinguish the finest women's basketball player in the country from her Montclair (N.J.) State teammates. She looks the part even in pre-game drills. No one else on the floor sports a nifty sweatband on each wrist, wears a big button that says boss on her warmups or has a swagger that comes from leading the nation in scoring last season with a 34-point average. She is the one who shoots the textbook-perfect jumpers and who goes through a little disco act whenever her favorite rock song blares over the Montclair P.A. system. Even before the tip-off, it is obvious that Carol Blazejewski knows she is going to be the star of the game.

And no wonder, because stopping the 5' 10" senior from getting her points is harder than spelling her last name. She scored 39 in two of Montclair's first four games this season, and when the Squaws meet Rutgers at Madison Square Garden on New Year's Day, she will have even more reason to show she's hot stuff. It was there last March, playing before a crowd of 12,336, a record for a women's game, that Blazejewski erupted for 52 points in a 102-91 victory over Queens College and established a scoring record for a game played in regulation time at the new Garden for men or women, collegians or pros.

Opponents say that Blazejewski plays—you'll forgive the expression—"just like a man." Maybe that is because as a kid she took part in a lot of New Jersey playground games in which she was always the only girl and usually the only white on the court. She rehearsed for these games by mimicking what she saw the pros do on TV. Yet her style is fluid and natural, not mechanical or memorized. She pounds the floor with a stiff, high right-handed dribble, her left arm raised to protect the ball. Equally adept at playing forward or guard, she can pull up and shoot a jumper off the dead run or make a change-of-pace move and scoot inside for a finger-roll layup. She is well enough coordinated to hang in the air, draw a foul and still make the field goal. And, oh mama, is she intense. She is all clenched fists and slapping palms after big baskets; she screams at her teammates when she thinks they are dogging it; and she excels in taking the hands-on-hips, you-gotta-be-kidding-me

pose that referees, whether they are wearing pants or skirts, despise. With every movement Blazejewski makes, her body language says, "Ain't I terrific!" In that sense she bears a startling resemblance to Rick Barry, who grew up about five minutes from the Blazejewski home in Cranford, N.J. and went on to become a scoring champ in college and in the pros.

Oddly, national scoring leaders generally stir up at least as much criticism as praise. Just as no one in the NCAA seems to know what to make of Portland State's Freeman Williams, the men's champ in 1976-77, few participants in the women's game agree on how good Blazejewski is. As a result, a dispute has raged for a year and a half over whether she should have been chosen for the 1976 Olympic team.

Billie Moore, the Olympic coach who is now at UCLA, sent Blazejewski home from the trials, telling her to sit down and read a book on defense. Pat Head, one of the players selected, said, "All she wanted to do was shoot. What are you going to do with her?"

Seeing Blazejewski play these days—and even she admits her defense needed work—it is difficult to believe that she did not deserve to be among the 12 U.S. women chosen to go to Montreal. (She was not even accorded the token gesture of being one of the three alternates.) Of course, the U.S. men's teams, which somehow have had no room for outstanding players such as Barry, Pete Maravich and Bernard King, have often been embroiled in similar controversy. But it would appear that the women's game has not yet evolved to a level where it can afford to overlook such a free-flowing offensive talent as Blazejewski.

In her record-breaking game at the Garden last year against a good Queens team, Blazejewski had only 14 points at halftime, and Montclair trailed by 11. In the last 20 minutes, she hit 17 of 21 shots and scored 38 points—30 of them while saddled with four fouls. Earlier, she had destroyed Texas with 49 points and made 15 of 22 from the field against Rutgers. She wound up as Montclair's leading rebounder for the year, too, with 10.1 per game, and that was another skill that Moore told Blazejewski she needed to work on. In light of all those accomplishments, it seems her failure to make the

## No one is hotter than the Blaze

*Montclair State's Carol Blazejewski is a 34-point scorer who tends to shoot off her mouth as often as her jumper*



*continued*

Olympic team may have been caused mostly by her brazen personality and outspokenness, which the selection committee may have felt would interfere with the team concept it had in mind.

"I know I don't have a way with words," says Blaziejowski, whose heavy New Jersey accent often creates a poor first impression. "I'll say lots of things to people. Some of them are unnecessary. I do that to my teammates. I used to let it hang, but now I go back and explain what I meant. They accept me very well. But Billie Moore made me sound like I had no arms or legs. I had to try to straighten her out. I went in and asked what she thought of the girl playing defense against me when I was scoring 20 points a game at the tryouts. She made the team, but I didn't."

Lucille Kyvallos, the Queens College coach, is in Blaziejowski's corner. Kyvallos made a phone call to persuade her to play for the U.S. in the World University Games in Bulgaria last summer. "I not only think Carol is the best player in the country," says Kyvallos, "I think she may be one of the best in the world. She was our leading scorer and one of the top rebounders, got 38 points against the Russians and was instrumental in us winning the silver medal."

Head has even changed her mind. Now coaching at Tennessee, which was picked as the No. 1 team in the country in a preseason poll of the coaches, she watched Blaziejowski put in 39 points in Monclair State's recent 87-80 win over the Volunteers, and then said, "Carol is 150% better. There is no question that if she had played that way she would have made the Olympic team. I don't see how she can miss in 1980."

Blaziejowski is hardly given Olympian treatment at Monclair State, a former state teachers' college that sits on a bluff overlooking Giants Stadium and the Manhattan skyline. However, she does have a small but enthusiastic cheering section at home games that includes most of the players on the Monclair men's team.

"Yeah, we like to come out and watch Carol do her thing," says Guard Tom Frank. "We see her practice so often that we aren't stunned by what she can do. That's Carol. She can score some points off our second string, but we're getting a little tired of hearing everybody say that she's good enough to play for us."

"I don't go in for those Battle of the

Sexes type things anymore," says Blaziejowski, "but some people think I'm tough enough to handle anything. They've got me wrong. I'm very sensitive. I cry at old Lasse movies. Oh, there was this 6'3" newspaper reporter who wanted to play me in a game of one-on-one when I was in high school so he could write a story about it. I whipped his rear end."

That's Carol, too. And you might just as well get used to her

## THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**WEST** Those were not earthquakes that rocked San Francisco, the tremors were caused by USF falling flat on its reputation as it lost to teams from coast to coast—California and Rhode Island. Phil Smith, a former San Francisco player now with the NBA Warriors, easily spotted the trouble with the wan Dons. "They've got to be more aggressive on the defensive boards," Smith pointed out. "They can't count on fancy shooting to get back what they give up." Even though four Bears fouled out in the final seven minutes, the USF-Cal game came down to the last second. That was when Gene Ransom, a 5'9" guard who scored 19 of his 23 points in the second half, was fouled with the score 89-89. Before Ransom could try the first shot of his one-and-one, San Francisco Coach Bob Gaillard attempted to rattle him by calling three time-outs. When Ransom finally went to the foul line, he sank his first shot and deliberately skinned his next off the rim to start the clock and let the final second tick away before USF could rebound. James Hardy had 34 points for the Dons.

Bill Cartwright, who missed San Francisco's first eight games because of a broken arm, played the next night against Rhode Island and had 14 points in 14 minutes. But Cartwright's return to center meant Hardy had to shift to forward, where he scored only 10 points. Free throws by Phil Kydd and Sly Williams of the Rams in the last 50 seconds offset a Cartwright basket and gave the visitors an 87-85 win.

Futuristic, which have married NBA play in Los Angeles this season, erupted in an L.A. college game between San Jose State and UCLA. Bruin Guard Raymond Townsend, who was punched twice by Ron Lowe of the Spartans, suffered a fractured upper jaw, which will keep him out of action for several weeks. UCLA won 109-69 as Brad Holland came off the bench to score 19 points. Against New Mexico State, the Bruins were tied at 34-34 at halftime before spurting to an 86-67 decision. Roy Hamilton sank his first nine shots

of the second half and scored 20 of his game-high 23 points after the intermission.

With 7'2", 275-pound Center James Donaldson getting 21 points and 13 rebounds, Washington State beat Pepperdine 75-62.

Wake Forest drubbed Seattle 85-67 and then, with Rod Griffin peppering the nets for 27 points, beat Washington 77-70.

Like a roulette player on a hot streak, unbeaten Nevada-Las Vegas kept defying the odds while winning its own Rebel Roundup. Vegas, which had previously won three one-point games and others by three, five and six points, twice pulled out victories in the closing moments. In its opening-round game against Northwestern, Vegas fell behind by 14 points in the first half before Tony Smith began gunning in 25-footers. Earl Evans and Smith clinched a 101-95 verdict, each sinking a pair of foul shots in the final seconds. Smith wound up with 26 points, and Reggie Theus with 22 to offset a 37-point spree by Wildcat Guard Tony Allen.

UNLV had an even rougher time in the finale against Iowa, which had upended Tennessee 92-86. MVP Theus had 19 points in the Rebels' 85-84 win, but Evans was the man man with 23 points and a decisive tip-in two seconds before the end.

Utah State had a pair of two-point victories, beating BYU 91-89 and topping Utah 73-71 on Oscar Williams' layup with four seconds remaining. The Aggies also stopped West Texas State 80-62, and in their three wins got 78 points from Guard Keith McDonald. Utah was also aided by Weber State 71-61.

### 1. UCLAL (8-1)

### 2. NEVADA-LV (11-0) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (8-3)

**MIDWEST** Foul play helped Louisville beat Marquette 61-60. With the Cardinals leading 59-58 and 14 seconds left, the Warriors tried to gain possession of the ball by fouling Rick Wilson. Marquette got the ball, but only after Wilson fouled up its play by converting both ends of a one-and-one. In all, the Cardinals made nine of 14 free throws. Marquette took only seven foul shots, all by Buch Lee, who started the game with a string of 31 straight conversions. But at Louisville, Lee missed three times and finished with 22 points, one less than Darrell Griffith of the Cardinals. Louisville also defeated Dayton 69-63, and rallied from a 66-62 deficit in the final 1:25 to topple Purdue 68-66. Wilson got the clincher in that game, too, hitting a 20-foot shot with three seconds to go.

Though fatigued at the end of the game, Arkansas, which used only one substitute, held off Kansas 78-72. The Jayhawks' heralded press and scrappy man-to-man defense held the Razorbacks to 420 shooting, 117 percentage points below their average. But Arkansas was on target from the foul line, making 28

of 33 free throws. Ron Brewer excelled for the Razorbacks, scoring seven slam dunks and 27 points. On defense, Arkansas contained the Kansas fast break and forced 15 turnovers. Still, the Jayhawks hung tough, as John Douglas flicked in 17 of his 22 points in the second half.

During an 81-67 win over Austin Peay, Cincinnati explored its height advantage, its front line producing 61 points.

Nebraska ran its record to 9-0 by disposing of Minnesota 63-49, Western Illinois 73-72 and Montana State 104-60.

Busy Memphis State won four times to give it 11 victories in 12 games. The Tigers started off by taking the Sun Bowl Classic. Memphis State held off Texas-El Paso 71-65 in the first round, and Army surprised pre-tournament favorite Kansas State 57-55 on a basket by Matt Brown in the final two seconds. Cadet Forward Gary Winton, the tournament MVP, scored 23 points against the Wildcats and 38 in the title game with Memphis State, but the Tigers outlasted Army 77-76 in overtime as Alvin Wright had 24 points and James Bradley 20. Kansas State, with leading scorer Curtis Redding out with a bad back, dropped the consolation game to Texas-El Paso 67-63.

Back home, Memphis State downed Mississippi 70-67 and, amid 47 turnovers and 65 fouls, walloped Georgia State 111-87.

#### 1. ARKANSAS (8-0)

2. LOUISVILLE (6-1) 3. INDIANA STATE (7-0)

**MIDEAST** "I don't think I've ever been prouder of a player. It was an incredible piece of leadership, and I thought it was appropriate that he made the winning free throw." That was Indiana Coach Bobby Knight's evaluation of Wayne Radford, whose only point against Notre Dame came with four seconds to play and handed the Irish their first loss, 67-66. The leadership of which Knight spoke came earlier in the evening. "At halftime Wayne hadn't even been in the game yet," said the coach. "but as I came to the dressing room, his was the voice I could really pick out, encouraging the players for the second half."

Radford played more during the Hoosiers' victory in the Indiana Classic, scoring 33 points. Indiana's man-to-man defense was vital, too, holding Bowling Green to a .283 shooting percentage in an 89-52 win and Alabama to .350 in a 66-57 victory. Reggie King of the Crimson Tide had 25 points, but even he was exasperated by the Indiana defense. Said King, who entered the game shooting 66% and missed 14 of 22 field-goal tries. "They always made me go where I didn't want to go." Alabama had advanced to the finals by squeezing past Princeton 61-60. Earlier the Tide had trounced Michigan 78-63 behind King's 30 points. Notre Dame recovered from its loss by whipping St. Joseph's (Ind.) 108-72. Dave Hutton led the Irish with

19 points and sank eight of 10 field-goal tries.

For the third straight time since 1973, Miami of Ohio stunned Purdue, winning on the Bostermakers' home court 84-80. John Shoemaker of the Redskins sent the game into overtime when he drove the length of the court and hit a reverse layup with four seconds to play to tie the score at 68-68. Miami's offense repeatedly used unorthodox crossover passes to get Bernard Newman open for 15- to 18-foot jumpers, and he ended up with 22 points.

Another loser at home was previously unbeaten Detroit, which could not cope with Michigan State's zone or with the play of Greg Kehrer (36 points) and Earvin Johnson (13 assists, 11 points, 10 rebounds). The Spartans drubbed the Titans 103-74.

In a battle of zone presses, North Carolina hung on for a 108-103 win at Tulane. Al Wood and Mike O'Koren each had 21 points for the Tar Heels, while Pierre Gaudin had 22 for the Green Wave.

With Kentucky leading Iowa only 21-19, James Lee and Chuck Aleksinas came off the Wildcat bench to pick up the tempo. Lee flicked in 17 points. Aleksinas 12 and Jack Griens 18 as Kentucky breezed 104-65. Iowa's 6'10" freshman, Jeff Ruland, had 24 points. Kentucky earlier won its own tournament, knocking off Portland State 114-88 and St. John's 102-72.

Also winning a tournament on its home floor was Dayton. MVP Jim Paxson came through with 41 points as the Flyers beat San Diego State 80-71 and Georgia Tech 65-63.

There was a surfeit of Cs in the Palmetto Classic in Charleston, S.C. Opening-round victories were chalked up by Clemson (82-58 over Catholic U.I. and Conness (74-72 over The Citadel). In a final-round game, Clemson crunched Canisius 94-61.

In a tragic accident, all 14 members of the Evansville team and the coaching staff were killed when their chartered plane crashed a minute after taking off for a game at Middle Tennessee State.

#### 1. KENTUCKY (7-0)

2. NOTRE DAME (7-1) 3. MARQUETTE (6-1)

**EAST** The Carolina Classic at Columbia, S.C. was an odd place for Buffalo resident - turned - Oklahoma - Guard Aaron Curry to have a homecoming, but that's just what it was. "This is the closest we play to Buffalo," said Curry. "So it's the only chance my family will get to see me play. Thirty-two of them came down in a chartered bus." Curry's relatives saw him lead the Sooners to the title by popping in 19 points during a first-round 80-74 triumph over Penn and 14 more in a 65-48 trouncing of South Carolina. The Gamecocks made it to the finals by defeating Southern California 65-58 in overtime. USC, which lost the consolation game to Penn 88-71, played both games with-

out No. 2 scorer Cliff Robinson, who was ill, and three halves without No. 1 scorer Steve Smith, who had a bad knee. The tournament MVP was Kevin McDonald of the Quakers, who scored 52 points.

Two other Philadelphia teams—Temple and Villanova—remained unbeaten. A 95-66 win over the University of Buffalo left the surprising Owls with an 8-0 record. The Wildcats, who had tallied at Princeton for a 58-56 victory, took their seventh game in a row by defeating Duquesne 86-70.

"The kid had never done a thing," said Rutgers Coach Tom Young of Princeton's 6'11" backup center, who is also named Tom Young. Against the Scarlet Knights, however, the Tigers' Young came off the bench to sink eight of 10 field-goal tries as Princeton won 68-57. Frank Sowinski added 26 points for the Tigers on 13 of 16 shooting. In Rutgers' next game, James Bailey displayed his versatility during a 91-76 defeat of Manhattan, pulling down 15 rebounds, making four steals and scoring 39 points. He hit 17 of 24 shots, including nine dunks.

Holy Cross remained unbeaten by routing

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**WAYNE RADFORD:** Indiana's forward made a foul shot with four seconds left to clinch a 67-66 upset win over Notre Dame, then was named MVP of the Indiana Classic as the Hoosiers beat Bowling Green and Alabama

Harvard 101-72 as Mike Vicens had 16 points and 13 rebounds. Chris Potter chipped in with 18 and 11, and Ronnie Perry scored 22 points.

"I almost played Santa Claus," said Providence Coach Dave Gavitt. With the Friars leading Cal State-Bakersfield by 15 points with 13 minutes to go, Gavitt sent in his second-liners. Bakersfield closed to within two points, but Gavitt got the last ho, ho, ho as Providence hung on for a 72-70 victory. Bruce Campbell pumped in 18 points and grabbed 11 rebounds for the winners.

"The best team didn't win," lamented Cincinnati Coach Galt Carlin. "If North Carolina had played ball in the last seven minutes instead of using the four-corners, we would have won." Maybe so, but the Tar Heels were not about to abandon their usual late-game offense to let Carlin find out. With Phil Ford dribbling and darning as the clock ran down, Carolina prevailed 67-59.

Despite being guarded by as many as three players, Army's Gary Winton scored 34 points against Maryland. That was not enough, though, because the Terps outrebounded the Cadets 57-24, received 25 points from freshman Greg Manning and came out on top by a 99-77 score.

#### 1. HOLY CROSS (6-0)

2. SYRACUSE (8-1) 3. NORTH CAROLINA (7-1)

# An affront of a backhand

*Dan Seemiller successfully defended his U.S. Closed championship at Las Vegas with sharp forehand top spins, but it's his bizarre backhand that sets him apart*

**N**o, I'm not bitter about the chicken-feed money in table tennis. Compared with other sports, it's nothing, but actually it's not too bad. Last year I made \$20,000. Exhibitions, coaching clinics and tournaments. There were expenses, of course. Travel, especially. But I intend to stay on top a long time, and the money's getting better every year."

Speaking was Dan Seemiller, a 23-year-old from Pittsburgh who was at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas in mid-December to defend his title in the second U.S. Closed Table Tennis championship. Seemiller had already reached the singles final where he would meet Dal Joon Lee, a six-time U.S. Open champion. To the winner would go \$1,000, to the runner-up \$700. And this on the court where Jimmy Connors and John Newcombe played for \$750,000 in 1975. Seemiller did not resent the disparity. If envy of million-dollar athletes were a killer virus, table tennis champions, who are used to meager prize money and lack of recognition, would be immune.

Relaxed before the final, Seemiller said with total confidence, "If Dal Joon takes a game from me, it'll be a close one, and he'll have to fight hard for it. The three games I win should be easy."

In fairness it must be said that at 37 Dal Joon Lee is not nearly the player he was when he came here from South Korea in 1964. Then all his technical equipment functioned smoothly, a fine forehand loop drive, an assortment of tricky spin serves and the fast reflexes the sport requires. On the table he was fiercely competitive, sometimes bordering on ornerness. Only an average player at the international level. Lee had a streak of six straight U.S. Opens ended in 1974 when that tournament once again began to attract top-flight foreign stars. Sweden's Kjell Johansson won the Open in '74 and '75, Yugoslavia's Dragutin Surbek in '76, Jochen Leiss of West Germany in '77.

But even without the influx of big-

name internationalists, Dal Joon Lee's superiority in the U.S. was being challenged by Seemiller in '74. According to Seemiller, Lee kept dodging him "If there was a money tournament somewhere, Lee would call up the sponsor and ask, kind of casual-like, who was entered," says Seemiller. "If my name wasn't in, Lee would enter. But if I entered later, Lee would make some excuse, like an exhibition somewhere for more money, and he'd withdraw. It got to be funny. Both of us would wait until the last minute to enter tournaments. I was trying to lure him in, he was trying to avoid me. In one tournament he actually defaulted to me rather than play the match."

Unfortunately, Seemiller was reaching his peak just as the world's best were invading the Open. Last year, to salvage local pride, the U.S. Table Tennis Association sanctioned the first U.S. Closed, limiting eligibility to Americans and resident aliens. A domestic variety U.S. champion was thus ensured. Seemiller, beating Lee in the finals 3-0, became that champion.

Seemiller is an exciting player to watch, more exciting often than players above him in the world rankings, where he stands 35th. Not that he is a graceful player. Judged by traditional standards of good form, Seemiller, in fact, might be called grotesque. "If I saw him play for the first time," says U.S. Team Captain Houshang Bozorgzadeh, a former Iranian champion, "I'd tell him, 'There are only two ways to hold a paddle. Go home and learn one of them.' But when I see his strength, even against world-class players, I sometimes think Seemiller may be the beginning of a whole new style—the American basement style—earned to its highest level."

This characterization stems from Seemiller's freakish backhand: no top player in history has ever hit a backhand his way. For a shake-hands-grip player,

as Seemiller is, the normal backhand is stroked much as it is in tennis, with the back of the hand leading the swing into the ball. On the forehand the palm leads the swing. But Seemiller strokes palm first off both backhand and forehand. When switching from forehand to backhand, he rotates his forearm to the right (he's a lefty) so that he uses the same face of the racket for both backhand and forehand. There is another complication: on the seemingly nonworking side of his bat, Seemiller has "anti-spin" sponge rubber—very dead stuff with almost no "grip"—which he reserves for one purpose only, to return spin serves. Once the ball is safely in play, he flips his bat over and plays forehand and backhand with very fast 2 mm. sponge.

Except for its surprise value, Seemiller's palm-first backhand is weak against world-class players, for there is no way he can attack with it. His best shot is a whiplike forehand drive that he hits with dynamic spin and power. Seemiller concedes he has no chance against the Chinese. In Hong Kong two months ago, in a five-night invitational round robin, he played Chinn's best, Huang Liang and Kuo Yao-hua. "Huang's devastating service is impossible to play against," Seemiller later wrote in *Table Tennis*, the USITA publication. "When I served I controlled play, but when Huang served he was totally dominant—I could hardly ever get a point..."

Bozorgzadeh says the Chinese regard Seemiller as a spoiler, capable of taking the first game of a match because of his tricky style but no threat in an important best-of-five. Seemiller counters that the Chinese have some cute tricks of their own. "They produce much better sponge in China," he says. "During a practice session in Hong Kong I hit a few balls with Kuo's racket. What speed! What spin! Fantastic! But when I asked if I could buy a few sheets of their sponge, they were polite but said they had no extras. Since they refuse to export the best stuff, every match against them is like starting cold turkey."

In his final against Dal Joon Lee, at Caesars Palace last week, Seemiller used standard Japanese sponge, and it proved adequately destructive. Nor did he play a spoiler's role. His strategy was simple: he attacked Lee's cramped penholder backhand with sharp daggerlike forehand top spins, forcing Lee to retreat repeatedly.





A veteran player at 23, the left-handed Seemiller defeated 37-year-old Dal Joon Lee to win the title.

Backed away from the table, Lee was almost helpless. The best he could manage was some high-trajectory lobs, which were usually pounded for winners. Seemiller won handily, 21-12, 21-10, 21-13. Still, in a sport where great players often peak at 18 or 19 and are burned out at 35, it was a credit to Lee that he was able to fight his way to the final.

With age such an important factor in table tennis, experts at the Closed—where on 42 tables nearly 465 players competed in 31 events ranging from veterans over 70 to boys under 11—spent a good deal of time analyzing the styles of promising juniors, kids who will soon be catching Seemiller, who at 23 is losing some juice. Already there are several who play with his palm-first basement style, among them his two brothers, Ricky, 19, and Randy, 17, and 14-year-old Eric Bogdan, who four weeks before the Closed upset Seemiller in a match at the National Team championships in Detroit. None of these did anything spectacular at the Closed, but Mike Bush, 21, and Rutledge Barry, 15, reached the men's semis, the farthest either had ever gone in so strong a tournament.

The most promising youngster of all was a pale, slender 10-year-old named Sean O'Neill from Vienna, Va., who took the Boys Under 11 event. His game is still in the formative stages, but he has fundamentally sound strokes and plays

with passion. His mother Kathy says, "My husband and I have already decided that Sean will be a full-time player. He's playing at least three hours a day, and it's what he loves best. There'll be money in this sport in a few years, and Sean, we think, is in the right place at the right time. The only problem is expenses. We're already spending about \$10,000 a year taking him to tournaments. To save money, only one of us goes along now. Pat took him to England for the Worlds; I got Las Vegas."

Sean, a 4' 7" 68-pounder with blond hair and blue eyes, already has clear notions about the kind of player he wants to be. "I don't like the Chinese style," he says. "They're too much like machines, too mechanical. My favorite play-

er is Jonyer." Isvan Jonyer, of Hungary, won the world singles title in 1975.

Unfortunately, Sean's lack of respect for the Chinese classicists has been the prevailing attitude among U.S. juniors and their coaches for some time, and it has probably kept them from reaching the world-class levels that American players attained from the '30s through the '50s. As an embarrassing reminder that technique is all-important, two Korean women, both resident aliens, reached the finals of the women's singles at Las Vegas: In Sook Bhushan, a classic chopper, beat He-Ja Lee, Dal Joon's wife and a classic attacker, 3-0.

A native American nearly prevailed in the hard-rubber competition—the bow-and-arrow event, some call it, because hard-rubber rackets are so out of date; 47-year-old Marty Reisman (Sl, Nov. 21) got to the final, only to lose to Franz-Joseph Hörmann, 28, of Phoenix, 3-1.

Finally, there was Chuck Burns of Detroit, a star in the 1940s, who as he headed toward one of the tables was asked which event he was about to play. "The only one I'm left in," said Burns. "The Senior Esquire Singles. It's the last one before the wooden box. I had to convince my opponent we should play it today. One of us might not be here tomorrow."

After the trophies were awarded, some of "tomorrow's" players were seen peering avidly down at the action in the Caesars Palace casino. These were the underage juniors, barred from the floor by Caesars' polite but firm security personnel. But today's player, Dan Seemiller, plunked some chips on the pass line, chose his dice and rolled them—palm first—onto the green cloth. A seven came up. It was a natural.

END

A future star is 10-year-old Sean O'Neill, who impressed experts as he won the Boys Under 11 title.





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Ever since the first side-by-side slalom was staged by the World Pro Skiing circuit eight years ago, the idea of an all-professional downhill race has lingered in the air like a snowflake looking for the right spot to land. The notion was not brand new—the world's first pro race in 1961 was a modified downhill—but it continued to intrigue the band of amateur reneaders who make a fancy living by skiing for money. The start of the new season at Aspen on Dec. 15 seemed as good a time as any to try a downhill and, lo, the event was received like an idea whose time had come. Perhaps it was because the setting was right, a fast and rich new contest in a fast and rich town.

To be sure, the downhill was richer than it was fast, but it was a success anyhow. The purse for the three-day competition—downhill, giant slalom and slalom—was \$80,000, which made it the richest ski event ever. The downhill made it interesting as well as historic.

Because most of the pros hadn't raced downhill for years, the course on Buttermilk Mountain was deliberately made easy—a piece of cake by World Cup standards. The run was relatively short, 6,000 feet, and relatively flat, with a vertical drop of 1,200 feet, and the only thing that brought the racing speeds up to 60 mph was that the course was what Olympic downhiller Franz Klammer might call a relative straightaway. The most dangerous part of the hill was at the stopping area beyond the finish line. There wasn't very much of it, and more than one racer stopped by plopping over a five-foot embankment into the gallery.

But the simplicity of the setup was ideal for pros. Eighty racers turned out for qualifications, about a third more than show up for most of the circuit's slalom races, even though they hadn't had much specific notice. Last September, World Pro Skiing had sent a letter to its racers that said, in effect: Be prepared for a downhill next year. We're not sure where or when, just be ready. The WPS had at least one good reason for being so non-committal: after last year's disastrous dry winter, it was reluctant to schedule a downhill only to be forced to cancel it for lack of snow. No use blowing the stage-setting race. But a snowstorm hit the Rockies on Dec. 2, dropping a foot of snow on Aspen, and the pros decided to make a run for it.

There will be four or five more downhill hills this season, snow permitting, and the courses will likely not be much different. Things don't work the same way in the U.S. as they do in Europe, because the American audience is a different breed. Technically tricky runs are less important than simply putting on a good show. So the pro downhills will be shorter, enabling spectators to see more of the race, and they will be situated so that the crowds can watch more of the good stuff from the bottom of the hill. Having ruled out dual-course, side-by-side downhill racing as too dangerous, the WPS devised a new format to make the event more exciting. Qualifying produces a starting lineup of 32 racers. One run cuts that field in half, and the 16 survivors go back up the hill for a second run. But unlike normal downhills, the racer with the slowest time for the first run now starts first, and the fastest man starts last. It makes for a handicap system of sorts, because ski-racing courses become more rutted and slower with each run. Fastest combined time for the two runs wins. The format would seem to make sense, because the pro circuit has been surviving by stressing entertainment as much as competition, with its pro racers a cut below World Cup skiers in terms of speed and skill. The harsher critics say the pros are all has-beens. "If it weren't for the pro circuit, they would all be off mounting bindings someplace," says one. One who most certainly wasn't a has-been was Henri Duvillard of France, who so dominated the pros for the past two years that his skis are now exhibited in a ski museum in Vail. But Duvillard retired after last season, and the role of hero has been assumed by Josef Odermatt, a Swiss who was runner-up to (and psyched out by) Duvillard the last two years.

Odermatt won both the slalom and GS on Buttermilk, but finished sixth in the downhill. He was not dismayed: he was never a world-beater in downhill (when on the Swiss national team he raced in seven World Cup downhills and never finished in the top 10). Odermatt doesn't particularly care for the event, hadn't trained for downhill this year—which made him no different from the vast majority of the racers—and even arrived in Aspen with no downhill skis. Before the race, Odermatt had been rather negative about the whole affair, allowing that, "If

*continued*



Hunter hangs by his toes from doors, and he hung on to win the downhill

## Jungle Jim and the rocky run

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## PRO SKIING continued

I don't do well in downhill here, I'm not going to race in the other downhills this year because it's not worth taking the chance to get hurt. I was coming to the pros with slalom and GS as my specialty. My strongest thing has always been to race against another guy. I like to have a competitor I can fight with, then I do really better. I'm maybe not so good against the clock. Anyway, downhill is a lot of hassle. This course is not that easy, it's really rough. There's not enough snow, and every run turns up a couple more rocks. You start to make a turn and your tail kicks up a rock and your skis go straight. It's dangerous."

"It's doubtful if they would permit a World Cup on a course in this condition," said rookie pro and former Canadian national team downhiller Jim Hunter. Hunter's downhill reputation—a third, fifth, two sixths, a seventh and ninth in every World Cup downhill in 1976, as well as a 10th in the Innsbruck Olympics—made him the Aspen favorite, even though the downhill would be his pro racing debut. He almost blew it in qualifying, however. The event fell on one of those what-is-so-rare-as-a-day-in-Aspen days: bright blue sky; fat white clouds, uncanny in their knack for dodging the sun; and temperatures in the 40s at the finish line. The day was so warm that rocks sprouted on the course like spring flowers. Hunter tried to dodge them instead of crashing right over them, and qualified 13th fastest.

Hunter skied the course in 1:19.779 in his first run and turned up in the lead, but only by .012 seconds over Steve Devin from Winthrop, Wash., another rookie and the 1976 Can-Am Series downhill champion. Just .059 seconds slower was Rudd Pyles, a 28-year-old, six-year pro veteran from Copper Mountain, Colo., and the local sentimental favorite.

And then, under the bright sun, the course got slower and slower. According to the handicap system, Hunter, skiing last, would face the roughest and slowest course conditions.

Just before the final few racers took off, a gray cloud passed over the sun, and the course cooled and slicked up a bit. Pyles held the lead with a combined 2:41.670 as Hunter waited to start at the top of the hill with the suspense mounting. The sun stayed behind the cloud, and Hunter's form was flawless—even in the air over a compression where he bare-

ly came out of his tuck. He didn't bother trying to avoid rocks this time. "I just fought them off," he said, and he finished in 1:20.273 for a combined time of 2:40.052 to edge Pyles by 1.618 seconds. Dave Currier, a former U.S. ski team downhillier and another rookie, was third and Devin was fourth.

Hunter bagged \$6,750 for winning his first pro race, and the stories about him began to spread around town. They call him Jungle Jim because he can hang by his toes from the tops of doors, an accomplishment he considers an exercise, not a stunt. Hunter grew up on his family's 2,800-acre farm in Saskatchewan. He considers farm work excellent ski training, and he improvises farm-type workouts. Three or four times a week, he says, he takes a spin curled inside the wheel of the farm tractor while his brother drives. Then Hunter crawls out dizzily, crouches into his downhill tuck position and tries to stay that way without teetering over. He believes that this exercise improves his balance.

Hunter also jogs with the local pastor and recites Scripture with him as they run. Before the start of the Aspen downhill, he recited Isaiah 26:3—"Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace..."—and at the press conference after the race he recited Proverb 16:3, "Count your ways unto the Lord and He shall take care of the rest," which may sound swell while jogging, but in truth paraphrases the Proverb 16:3 in the Bible. Still, somebody up there took care of things for Hunter, who says he hopes to use his ski racing as a springboard to the ministry.

After the race, the rocks were forgotten. It was unanimously agreed that the organizers did all they could to sustain the course. And it was generally agreed that the WPS had a winner in pro downhill racing. Especially if Klammer defects to the WPS. The world champion has publicly noted that his last remaining goal is to win the downhill at the FIS World Championship in January. After that he would turn pro instead of waiting for the 1980 Lake Placid Olympics. Klammer did not specifically swear that he would join the U.S. pros, but the success of the Aspen downhill might encourage him. His presence in pro skiing would help the circuit rid itself of its retrain-racer image, and could engender new growth and American interest in downhill racing. For money, that is.

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## Shattered and shaken

*With Rocket star Rudy Tomjanovich lost to his team for the season and the Lakers' Kermit Washington fined and suspended for decking him, the game faces a crisis*

**S**urely by now we have seen the replays often enough and indulged in sufficient righteous indignation to satisfy our desire to hang the Los Angeles Lakers from the nearest regulation orange basket rim until dead. The suddenly fashionable trope of violence in the NBA—specifically, the two savage punch-outs involving the Fiends of the Freeway—has been editorialized in *The New York Times* ("... under the backboards ... strength and intimidation come into play—but assault and battery should not"), parodied on *Saturday Night Live* ("We blacks get blamed for everything," says the sportscaster, "Look at this film. Why he just grazed the cat. Whoops! Let's look at it from another angle") and even investigated by Walter Cronkite. But when all the official soul-searching is over, probably about the time your Christmas tree is thrown into the New Year's trash, the causes and effects will remain. As will that single

horrible image of a huge man turning and slamming his fist full into the face of an onrushing huge man.

While the Houston Rockets' Rudy Tomjanovich spent two weeks in the hospital, with towels over the mirror in his room to hide his broken-up face from himself, and while the Lakers' Kermit Washington pondered taking graduate courses for fear he will never find another job in basketball, the words of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar stand out: "As long as this league continues to view the game as a 'contact' sport, a philosophy which in my view is highly questionable, violent fouls will continue to go undetected. This philosophy maximizes rather than minimizes the potential for violent reaction."

The Laker center believes basketball should be a sport of quickness, finesse and body control with stringent rules against bumping, especially bumping of himself. Abdul-Jabbar says he labors un-

der a "double standard. I've had to learn to play the game as a contact sport—really at the expense of playing basketball."

The NBA's Most Valuable Player issued this statement approximately one month after he broke his right hand smashing Milwaukee's Kent Benson in the jaw in deliberate retaliation for being elbowled by Benson in the opening game of the season. Abdul-Jabbar missed 20 games and was fined \$5,000 (but not suspended) by NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien. Twenty-three games later, his teammate, Washington, wharled and landed what Laker Assistant Coach Jack McCloskey called "the hardest punch in the history of mankind" on Tomjanovich, who was running to mediate a fight between Washington and Houston's Kevin Kunnert.

Tomjanovich suffered fractures of the face and skull, a broken nose and separated upper jaw, a cerebral concussion and severe lacerations around his mouth. In effect, the bone structure of his face was knocked loose from his skull. His eight-year career, during which he was named to the all-star team four times, may be as shattered as his face. Washington was fined \$10,000 and suspended for at least 60 days. It is likely he will not play the remainder of the season.

While O'Brien's penalties were severe (although some say not severe enough), it is Pollyannaish to believe such punishment will deter what the commissioner refers to as "the root causes" of violence in the NBA. Extremists have categorized these as everything from escalating salaries to racial tensions. Whatever the answer—perhaps a third official or a three-point basket rule to spread out the defense—some means must be found to eliminate the vicious body language that goes on underneath and leads inevitably to fights.

The Lakers are furious that neither Benson nor Kunnert was penalized for allegedly "starting" the two incidents. Then, too, the other day, after Buffalo's Bill Willoughby punched Detroit's Gus Gerard, O'Brien peculiarly levied only the standard \$225 fine that goes with being ejected from a game. Obviously, retribution this time was minor because the fistcuffs caused little damage, but the trifling fine incensed the Lakers as well as other players around the league.

"That decision was not only unfair, it was stupid," said the Washington Bullets' Mitch Kupchak. "Is an attempted

*Dantley, who came to Los Angeles via Buffalo and Indiana, has been a plus in an unhappy season*





murderer less guilty because the bullet missed?"

As the evening news continued to play back Kermit Washington's terrifying haymaker and as media-conscious Texas lawyers figured out how many ways they might sue the Laker forward, feelings around the league shaded toward sympathy for Washington.

For all his reputation as one of the strongest, most dangerous customers in the game, off the court Washington is a gentle, sensitive, family man who is popular with both teammates and opponents. "A guy in the wrong place at the wrong time"; "It could have happened to any of us"; "Victim of circumstance" and "Scapegoat" are some of the things one hears about Washington.

"I see me being made a villain all over the country. I see my future going up in an explosion," Washington said last week. "But on the newsreels I never see Kunnert hitting me first, which he did. Even when I got in the fight, I didn't want to fight. I thought I'd get beat up. Rudy was just a blur. Why did he have to run at me? I've called his hospital five times, but I know he doesn't want to see me; he probably wants to shoot me. I couldn't sleep for the longest time, but now it's out of my hands."

"This was my best year," he went on, "and then I would have been a free agent. Now most teams probably won't have anything to do with me. I may never play again. It's up to the dictator, O'Brien. I feel like I was walking out to my car and somebody tried to mug me so I beat him up. Then the police came and arrested me. So I have to go to prison."

Of the incident, Kupchak says, "We've all talked about it on the Bullets and we all agree. If we put ourselves in Kermit's position, we would have reacted the same way. Maybe what happened between him and Kunnert beforehand was all wrong, but when you turn and see a guy roaring down on you, you have to fight."

The Bullets' Wes Unseld says, "As a peacemaker Rudy had to know two things. You must either break up a fight or you take the fight upon yourself. But you have to be prepared for anything. I've seen 100 fights in this league and 99% end with no more than a bloody nose. This was a tragic and regrettable incident, but it wasn't a fight. The NBA has created a monster out of fighting. Now let them live with it."

In an environment chock full of ques-

tionable characters and teams more deserving of notoriety, it is ironic that a genuinely admirable crew such as the Lakers has become the symbol of brutality in pro sports. The Los Angeles coach, Jerry West, had a fight-free playing career distinguished for its class and sportsmanship and is one of the few NBA coaches who insists on keeping only what are referred to as "good citizens" around him on his squad.

"Kareem and Kermit are two of the best people I know. Collectively this is the nicest, kindest team I've ever been on," says West, who has been hurt by letters criticizing him for "favoring animalistic, killer tactics."

Indeed, camaraderie, chemistry, cohesion—saccharine as these clichés seem—could aptly be applied to last year's Laker team, which, aside from Abdul-Jabbar, consisted mostly of retirees, castoffs and free agents who managed to compile the best regular-season record in basketball before being eliminated by Portland in the playoffs.

This season the Lakers have much the same team personality: Jamaal Wilkes and Dave Robisch—quiet, thoughtful types. Lou Hudson—Sweet Lou. Mr. Nice Guy. Ernie DiGregorio—a veritable Dondi from the comics. Only Adrian Dantley, a second-year man out of Notre Dame, could possibly be construed as a rough, tough mean guy. In fact, earlier this season, when he was playing for the Indiana Pacers, Dantley stormed the Milwaukee dressing room, blasting aside police guards, to get at the Bucks' Dave Meyers, for which he received a three-day suspension.

After West had obtained Dantley, along with Robisch, in a trade for rookie center James Edwards and Earl Tatum three weeks ago, the Laker coach labeled the season "the most bizarre year this team has had in its 18 years in Los Angeles."

With the exception of Washington's torn tendon in his right knee, the Lakers were almost injury-free in 1976-77, but they have already gone through nine starting lineups this season as they have dropped to the bottom of the Pacific Division. In addition to Abdul-Jabbar's hand injury (the team won only eight of the 20 games he missed), three other Lakers suffered broken bones, and Wilkes missed two games with a viral infection and a low blood count. Indeed, for a game in New Orleans, Wilkes had to leave his



A battered Tomjanovich got home for Christmas.

sick bed and fly across the country so the Lakers could have the required eight bodies in uniform.

Despite the slings and arrows, the Lakers have not fallen so far behind that they cannot catch everyone but Portland. Last week, with Abdul-Jabbar back and scoring his customary 30 points a game, with Dantley and Wilkes taking much of the frontcourt pressure off Kareem as well as off each other, with rookie Guard Storman Norman Nixon showing signs of turning into one of those overnight Hollywood heroes, the Lakers won three of four before losing to the Trail Blazers and ending the week with a 13-18 record.

Los Angeles even beat the Central Division-leading, roughhouse Bullets at their own roughhouse game, 120-115, with Dantley scoring 36 points. "I love L.A. so much," he says. "It's like Notre Dame. Only better socially."

At one point at the beginning of the third quarter, Dantley scored 10 points in four minutes. In response Joe Trippi, on the organ at the Fabulous Forum, played the Notre Dame fight song. Even that did not come easy for the Lakers. Trippi recently broke his ankle.

## Bedeviled, not beaten

*Penn State had to keep clewing for a win over Arizona State in the Fiesta*

The Fiesta Bowl may have been a holiday gift that Penn State wanted like another stomach upset, because a No. 8-ranked team with a 10-1 record usually winds up its season in Miami or Dallas or New Orleans. But once the Nittany Lions got into the spirit of things in Tempe, Ariz. on Christmas Day, they were not going to let Arizona State spoil the festivities. The trouble was that every time Penn State seemed to have the game wrapped up, the string would come loose and out would pop Arizona State Quarterback Dennis Sproul to pass the Sun Devils back into contention.

So it came down to the kind of play that usually takes place on a Hollywood back lot, with Penn State flanker Jimmy Cefalo making like Kris Kristofferson. Here we are, cameras rolling, Penn State ahead by six points with a little more than five minutes remaining, and Ariz-

ona State has already scored twice in the final quarter. The Lions with the ball on their own 30. Third and five. On the sidelines, Coach Joe Paterno's eyes are pressing against his bulletproof glasses. Most of the 57,727 fans in Fiesta Bowl Stadium sense that if Penn State has to punt, the Sun Devils will drive for the go-ahead touchdown. Quarterback Chuck Fusuna kneels in the huddle, looks at Cefalo and mutters, "It's coming to you, Jimmy." Cefalo nods and trots out to his position. Back fades Fusuna, a heartbeat ahead of an Arizona State blitz. He flicks the ball over the middle as Cefalo books into the area. Completion. First down. Cut. Print it. That's it for today, fellows.

Of course there were a few more scenes. On the next play, Fullback Bob Torrey made the Sun Devils' defensive line look as if it were a breakaway billboard when he ran up the middle 55 yards to the two-yard line, setting up a touchdown. And, with 14 seconds remaining, Paterno ordered the Lions to take a safety, a little gesture for the tacticians. But it was Cefalo's play that had the cheerleaders checking their makeup for the celebration of the eventual 42-30 victory. Cefalo is noted for making as well as writing headlines; the senior is an aspiring author who has contributed three articles to *The New York Times*. All day Penn State was a jackrabbit Arizona State never could catch, and Cefalo's 67-yard punt return in the second quarter set up a field goal that helped it establish a 17-7 lead, which gushed to 31-14 early in the fourth quarter.

Cefalo was part of an outstanding effort by the Penn State kick teams that looked as if they were on loan from the Washington Redskins. The Easterners won even though Arizona State had more first downs (29-18) and more total yards (426-351). The Sun Devils' trouble was that they rarely got the ball in a position where more good things could happen than bad. Seven of their 15 possessions came inside their own 20-yard line, where their vaunted aerial offense was just a butterfly without wings. And the Penn State special teams scored one touchdown when Defensive End Bill Banks blocked Arizona State's first punt and teammate Joe Lally caught it and ran 21 yards into the end zone for the first score in the game.

Christmas in the desert is a trick play

from the start. Last week downtown Phoenix was festooned with decorations that had Santa Claus wearing a sombrero, standing next to a cactus and shouting olé. ASU Coach Frank Kush figured he needed some legerdemain against Penn State, a nine-point favorite. So he benched Mike Harris, his leading ground-gainer, in favor of freshman Newton Williams, who had carried the ball only four times all year; installed a new formation that eliminated the tight end; started banged-up Sproul, who had practiced only a week because of injuries; and was evasive about who would play halfback.

Arizona State came into the game with, some suspected, tinsel credentials, because its 9-2 record included a spongecake schedule. Nevertheless, its flashy offense was averaging more than 400 yards a game, and its defense was nicknamed "the Crunch Bunch." But while football's glamour is in the backfield, the game usually is decided at the boiler room, the front lines. When it mattered, the Crunch Bunch was a Cookie Monster that crumbled and the ASU offense could not move on the ground simply because its backs could not carry the ball and Penn State's Matt Millen at the same time. Millen, a defensive tackle, was named the game's outstanding defensive player for helping out on or making 18 tackles. Newton Williams, meanwhile, played like a freshman, fumbling to set up the second Penn State touchdown. "That's hindsense," said Kush, after losing the Fiesta Bowl for the first time following four wins.

In order to stay close, the Sun Devils had to pass, and Sproul connected on 23 of a Fiesta Bowl-record 47 attempts, many of them with defenders wrapped around his legs and with the added handicap of a sprinkling of ASU fans yelling, "Get him!" Sproul is not a local favorite; when he momentarily left the game because of an injury in the first quarter, his replacement was cheered as if he were Krass Kringle in shoulder pads. Still, the senior, who was named the game's outstanding offensive player, threw three touchdown passes and connected all day on a slant pattern over the middle to keep the game exciting whenever it threatened to become dull.

But then, of course, every time it threatened to become exciting, someone like Jimmy Cefalo threatened to make it dull.



Cefalo shot the door tight on the Sun Devils



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**SO EVERYTHING**



# WAS JAKE

*Jack Kramer takes a long look back to the not-so-good old days when he left the shamateur ranks and joined the pros*

by JACK KRAMER and FRANK DEFORD



CONTINUED

Few great athletes have been such a continuing presence in their sports as Jack Kramer has been in tennis. Amid the constant turmoil of the game, Kramer has been a central figure since he won his second straight Forest Hills and turned pro 30 years ago.

In 1939, while only 18, Kramer played for the United States Davis Cup team in the Challenge Round—still the youngest American to do so. He was champion of Wimbledon and Forest Hills, the undisputed No. 1 player after the war, and professional champion for several more years. His mastery of the serve-and-volley game changed the basic nature of tennis for a generation. He has been the promoter of the pro tour—virtually a one-man PGA of tennis—an official of the United States Lawn Tennis Association (the amateur body), and he was a founder and first executive director of the Association of Tennis Professionals (the players' union). As a tournament director, he has served on the nine-man International Council, the most powerful body in tennis today.

Outspoken and involved, he has been sued by Jimmy Connors, booed off the Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King ABC telecast by Billie Jean and fired by the BBC for helping the players in their 1973 Wimbledon strike. Now, from his prominent position, Kramer talks of the old (not necessarily good) days of shambolism and pro tours.

I learned to play on concrete in California, and I could never play the slow boys' game. I was 18 in the Challenge Round, but I couldn't beat kids. I never won the U.S. Juniors.

You could grow up fast then in tennis in Southern California. Ellsworth Vines won Forest Hills in 1931 at 19. You see, everybody played at one place, the Los Angeles Tennis Club. As a teen-ager, I could hang around there and pick up matches with guys like Vines or Bill Tilden, or with Bobby Riggs, Gene Mako and Joe Hunt. Frankie Kovacs would come down from Berkeley. There was a lot of pressure, a lot of big betting. If it rained, we'd go inside and get some action with Ping-Pong. So the L.A. Tennis Club was the place in men's tennis, and it's a fact that once it lost this position after the war, Southern California stopped producing male champions.

But however much I learned there, it wasn't till I toured with Riggs that I developed the complete aggressive big game that really ruled tennis for the next quarter of a century—until the last few years when more of the action moved to the slower surfaces and back to the baseline. Before, even the hardest servers—even a guy like Vines—would very seldom come to the net except behind an outstanding first serve or a forcing ground stroke. But Riggs forced me to be almost constantly on the attack—and that was a new concept. Playing Bobby Riggs in anything was an education. He's the most underrated champion in history.

We started touring at the end of '47. Now keep in mind that when I say "tour" I am not talking about a civilized circuit of tournaments such as they have now. In those days, a

tennis tour was a barnstorm, two kids going head to head night after night, with a couple of other players working the preliminary, which we called "the donkey act." Then all four of us in a doubles match, and on to the next town, maybe 200 to 300 miles away, driving a couple of station wagons ourselves, and a guy driving a truck with the nets and the posts and the canvas to put down on the floor of the gym or the arena. A few hours' sleep, then hustle up some publicity, and on with the donkey act.

Most big arenas fit us in on Mondays and Tuesdays, saving the weekend dates for hockey and wrestling and boxing. So we played a lot of small halls in small towns in between the choice dates. Once I played on a court with a wall only 18 inches behind the baseline. Worst of all, one time Riggs got our truck driver down \$2,000 in our floating card game. I was afraid he was going to take off—and how many guys want to drive a canvas court around America? So we made Riggs give the driver "evens"—making him clear of the debt, but out of the game.

Bobby had become pro champion right after the war, when he edged Don Budge 18 matches to 16 on a short tour. Budge had a bad shoulder and Riggs lobbed him to death. When I signed to tour with Riggs, very few of the experts gave me any chance. Through the first 26 matches, I played him 13-up, and people were saying, that sneaking Riggs, he's carrying the kid. A lot of people called me Jake, but Riggs called everybody kid. That's where I picked up the name.

Bobby didn't have the big serve, but he was very aggressive, with superb anticipation. He could really pull volleys away and he could lob within an inch of the ceiling. I had to learn to lob just to stay with him. Bobby also had a great deep second serve. The only ones I've ever seen better were Gottfried von Cramm's, Pancho Gonzales' and John Newcombe's. And this is where he was really giving me trouble. He'd loft his second serve far back on my backhand corner, it would take a high bounce, and he was quick enough to get into the net off that. For my part, my second serve didn't kick high like Bobby's, so he could often return that and follow it to the net. Here I was, the big server, suddenly more vulnerable to breaks.

It was a heck of a situation. It forced me to learn to hit a high locker myself, and it forced me to think attack almost constantly. I would rush in and play to pound his weakest link—his backhand—pound it, crush it, pick on it, smash it till it collapsed.

I began to really get comfortable with this new style around the time our tour reached San Francisco, when we were tied at 13 matches apiece. I won there, and then we flew to Denver, and Bobby got something started with the stewardess, and that gave me Denver, and then we went into Salt Lake, where we played on a tremendously slick wood surface. Bobby couldn't handle my serve there, and all of a sudden it was 16-13. And that was it. Now he had to gamble on my serve. He had to take chances or I could get to the net, and he was dead. He was thoroughly demoralized.

So he started tanking. I beat him love and love one night in Fort Worth. I won the tour 69-20, which means I went

56-7 from San Francisco on. Of course this hurt the tour. It hurt the gate. But you know Bobby: he always had an angle. As soon as he saw he couldn't beat me on tour, he started to set me up for the U.S. Pro Championships at Forest Hills that summer of '48. That was then the only real pro tournament. Bobby figured to get me overconfident, then beat me at Forest Hills and claim that I was a choke artist: I could win in the sticks, but I couldn't win the big one.

He almost pulled it off, too. I was behind against Welby Van Horn in the quarters and behind against Budge in the semis and then, in the finals, Bobby took me to 13-11 in the fourth. But that was the end of him. There were no more reprieves. The way it worked then, as soon as you were a beaten champion you were through. I remember, after I lost to Riggs in the opening match of our tour, thinking to myself: you know, kid, you'd better win this tour, or there isn't anything left for you. Imagine a situation where Connors was through forever just because Bjorn Borg beat him in a few matches. Well, that's the way it worked then.

In those days, nobody in the game—including the press—wanted to help the pros and risk damaging the fixtures: the Davis Cup, Wimbledon, Forest Hills. No matter how good the players, pro tournaments wouldn't draw. So we had to be gypsies, playing one-night stands. That way, we were never in one place long enough to threaten the amateurs. It took my ego a while to accept this, but I learned. I learned

that even if you were the world champion, you were champion only for that day in one place. If I won in Chicago on Tuesday, I was champion of the world in Chicago on Tuesday, but when we reached Detroit on Wednesday there was no more world champion of tennis in Chicago. Out of sight, out of mind.

And yet, the evidence was fairly conclusive that pro tennis was popular. Tilden, Vines, Perry and Budge all worked tours in the 1930s that made big money. I made \$89,000 in 4½ months playing Ruggs—and that's 30 years ago when \$89,000 was a lot more than it is now. We opened at Madison Square Garden Dec. 26, 1947 in as bad a snowstorm as New York ever had. Twenty-six inches of snow fell. All the surface transportation was out and we had to walk the 17 or 18 blocks to Penn Station after the matches. But we sold out the Garden at 15,300 seats that night, and only a few hundred failed to show. The interest in pro tennis was always there.

But you had to play a 100-match tour to get your suit back. The economics of the thing were insane. For the promoter to make any money, you had to play constantly. If you played seven dates a week, it took 4½ dates to make your overhead—in the beginning. After the first 10 weeks or so, when you started to hit more of the smaller cities, there was no profit even with seven dates. But you had to keep playing to remain viable and to pay off the rest of

*continued*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN COLLIER



*Before Kravtchuk broke with the amateurs, he broke tradition by wearing shorts at Wimbledon.*

your cast. I made \$8,800 opening night, but the prelim kids, Pancho Segura and Danny Pails, were getting only \$300 a week, and they had to pay their own expenses.

Of course, this was unfair: Segoo and Pails were among the top five amateurs in the world when they signed. But the system could only support one big challenger, and it was so topsy-turvy that the big money went to the challenger. I got 35%, for example, while Riggs, the acknowledged champion, had to settle for 17½%. But you see, the payoff, the publicity, was in those amateur fixtures, and I had just won them. It was crazy. The pros took the best player and lived off him for a year traveling around on the road, while the amateur game stayed in the same places, short on good players but long on tradition.

The system chewed up talent. One year as a pro and you could be through. Timing—when you turned pro—was crucial. Some of the best things that ever happened to me were not winning Forest Hills in '42 and '43 and then losing to Jaroslav Drobny in the round of 16 at Wimbledon in '46 when I got blisters. All this may sound strange, but I'll explain.

You see, in '42 everything was set for me. Riggs and Kovacs had turned pro. The top was open. And everything was riding on Forest Hills. With the war, there was no Wimbledon, no French, no Davis Cup. Off my record, I was bound to be seeded No. 1. My only logical competition was Ted Schroeder, my best friend in tennis and favorite doubles partner from L.A. All I wanted to do was keep from getting drafted into military service before September. I had just met Gloria Spangenberg, who became my wife, and so I spent the mornings practicing, the afternoons playing the ponies and the nights dancing with her. Everything seemed to be falling into place. And then, a few weeks before Forest Hills, I got appendicitis. I had to scratch out of the tournament—Schroeder won it—and a couple of weeks later I'm a seaman in the U.S. Coast Guard, getting ready for boot training and, eventually, for 22 months in the Pacific on an LST.

The next year, '43, I was the No. 1 seed for Forest Hills, so the Coast Guard let me out on furlough to play. A couple of nights before the finals, I went to a dinner at the International Club and I got clam poisoning, and I was dead on my feet by the end of the finals. I was down to 149 pounds from 168. Joel Hunt beat me 6-0 in the fourth. That was the last important tournament poor Joel ever won—he was killed on a training flight in 1945—and it was the last tournament of any consequence I played in until after the war.

But I know this: If I had won '42 or '43, which I logically should have, the Coast Guard would have pulled me off the LST and put me in Special Services, and I would have fought the war on tennis courts, and I doubt if I would have grown up enough. As soon as the war ended I would have turned pro, and it is quite likely that either Riggs or Budge would have chewed me up then, and I would have disappeared.

When I was over there in the Pacific, it was not so much the danger—I made seven landings—that woke me up. It was more just the reality of hard, everyday existence. I had

gotten used to hanging around country clubs, enjoying the good times, and it took being cramped up on a little boat to realize what a chance I had. It's not like I had always had an easy life. We never had any real money, but we always had enough. And there was always a great deal of love.

We lived in Las Vegas. I grew up only a block away from what is now The Strip. I can remember we used to board dealers. They taught me things. I could deal a game called Coon Can long before I played tennis. But I played all sports with my dad. I was an only child and he was my best friend. Eventually, he moved the family to Los Angeles in order to help my tennis. My father was a railroad man and he never had a chance to play games himself as a kid. He was calling the crews every morning at age nine, and by 11 he had to give up school and work on the rails full time. His name is David Christum Kramer and he is about the best person in the world. And I don't want to slight my mother, Daisy, who died a few years ago. I had a fantastic childhood.

But then, once I started moving up in tennis, life seemed really easy. I went to USC on a scholarship in 1939. I had one of those make-believe jobs where I "guarded" a field, along with the football and basketball stars. I quit after a few weeks. I just didn't want to study. It broke my old man's heart. We had never had a Kramer graduate from college. He cut me off right there. He said, "O.K., Cocky"—he always called me Cocky when he was mad at me—"O.K., if you're smart enough to take care of yourself." But who at that age—18, 19, 20—can really handle himself?

By the time I finally won Forest Hills, in 1946 and '47, however, I had grown up. The war had matured me. I was ready for Riggs and the pro tour. Which brings us back to '49. After I beat Riggs, we needed a new challenger. Bobby was the new promoter, I the new champion. It was his money, but he consulted me, and we talked about Gonzales. He had come out of nowhere to win Forest Hills in '48, and he was exciting, a big hitter. But he was only 20 years old and far too undeveloped to play me night after night. Riggs and I decided it would be better to let Pancho mature.

Instead, we figured our best shot was Schroeder. As a kid, he had been advised to take up tennis because he was so brilliant in school. He was jumping grades too fast, and they thought tennis might slow him down. He went at it like a demon. I remember he would collapse into tears if he lost his serve. Schroeder has always been a man of extremes: emotional, outspoken, devoted. One time, a few years ago, I overextended myself in business and needed cash. I mentioned this to Schroeder and very casually he volunteered that he could loan me \$25,000. I assumed that he had it right there in the bank and accepted his kind offer. Only later did I discover that he had mortgaged his house to get up the money for an old friend.

As a player, Schroeder had some mechanical weaknesses. Even as a kid he had to rush the net because he wasn't sound off the ground. But he had an ideal fast-surface game and he was tough physically—which was a lot more important in those days of long deuce sets. Above all, he was a great fighter.



As a matter of fact, let me jump ahead here to 1951, to the Challenge Round in Sydney, to best illustrate Schroeder's courage. This turned out to be a very controversial Davis Cup team. Frank Shields was the captain, and the players were Schroeder, Vic Seixas, Tony Trabert, Dick Savitt and Ham Richardson.

I was in Australia at the time, and Shields asked me to help coach the team. For the No. 1 singles both Shields and I went Schroeder, and the choice for No. 2 fell between Trabert, who had the greater potential, and Seixas, who was hot at the time. Savitt had won Wimbledon a few months before, after Herbie Flam upset Frank Sedgman, but we both figured that Savitt wasn't all that good.

Shields went with Seixas, and Vic beat Mervyn Rose in the opening match. Then Frank Sedgman beat Schroeder, but it took him four hard sets. O.K., it figured; Sedgman was probably the best amateur in the world at that time. But the matches were now one-all, and if Schroeder and Trabert could upset Sedgman and Ken McGregor in the doubles and Schroeder could beat Rose, we'd win it 3-2.

I'd have to say that I've only seen three pitiful performances in the Challenge Round. I mean so bad you were embarrassed. Each was in doubles, and each was the same sort of thing: an old guy who suddenly lost it. I saw it with Adrian Panst in '46, when

he played with John Bromwich, and with Neal Fraser in '63, when he played with Roy Emerson; and it happened this day to Schroeder. I wanted to cry for him, he was so bad. It's no fun being there when a guy, a friend, suddenly goes over the hill. Schroeder was awful, and we lost the doubles.

So, we were down 2-1, and although there didn't figure to be any way Seixas could beat Sedgman in the final match, you never know. Heck, Sedgman might break a leg. In any case Schroeder had to play Rose first, and he had to beat Rose to keep us alive. Schroeder knew he had to win, and he also knew it was the last match he would ever play in big-time tennis.

He came to my room that night after losing the doubles, the night before his match with Rose. He said he wanted to play gin. So we played gin. I kept thinking he would get tired and go to sleep, but maybe he was too upset by the doubles. I don't know. All I know is we just kept dealing. At four o'clock—I mean four a.m.—he said, "Kid, let's take a walk." So we strolled around Sydney till the sun came up,

and then we came back and had some breakfast, and by then it was almost time to go to the courts. No sleep. No sleep at all. He must have been exhausted. Well, I know Schroeder wasn't playing Tilden—it was just Mervyn Rose—but I've never been more moved by a match. He beat Rose in straight sets. He probably had to win in three or he would have collapsed. I was so excited in the stands that the referee, Cliff Sproule, reprimanded me. He thought I was coaching Schroeder. I was just cheering for him. It was a great way to go out.

As it turned out, we lost the cup—Seixas won only eight games from Sedgman in the deciding match—but at least it



Everybody—even Pancho Gonzales—hired Lew Hoad

showed what kind of heart Schroeder has. So in '49 Bobby and I figured that if we could provide him with some real incentive to get in shape for Wimbledon and Forest Hills, he's a lock to win them, which would be just great for our next tour. Schroeder took Queens, a tournament that was always the big prep for Wimbledon, and that night the three of us met at the Athenaeum Court Hotel in London to strike the deal. I urged Schroeder to take a guarantee and a percentage. But he wouldn't. He wanted a flat guarantee—\$25,000—which was stupid, and which I kept telling him until Riggs told me to shut up and let the kid have whatever he wanted. Then we signed a letter of agreement and Bobby went back to the States to

start lining up some arena dates for the winter.

Schroeder went through his usual Perils-of-Pauline routine at Wimbledon, cliff-hangers in almost every round, but he got through, took Drobny in five in the final, and we're home free. Bobby and I have got the Wimbledon champion signed. I went off to play some matches in Scotland. Bobby lined up more arenas.

A couple of weeks later, in the middle of the heather somewhere, I got a transatlantic call. It was the unmistakable voice of Riggs, whining. "The son of a bitch has double-crossed us."

"What son of a bitch?"

"Schroeder." When Bobby gets mad, foam forms at the corners of his mouth. Five thousand miles away, on the phone, I could visualize it. Schroeder had just called Bobby to tell him he wanted out.

Immediately, I called Ted. As apologetically as possible, he explained to me that he decided he just wasn't up to the travel grind of a tour. "Don't make me unhappy, Jack," he

continued

said. And what could I do? Years later, he told Gloria, my wife, that the thing that really ate at him was the thought of having to get up for a match every day; he didn't think he had the temperament for that and he feared the tour would be a disaster for us all. He thought he was doing us a favor to pull out early. To help, he told Bobby and me on the phone that he would not play Davis Cup or Forest Hills. That way, there was a chance for another hero to emerge whom we could sign in Schroeder's place. The obvious alternative was Gonzales, even if he was only 21, but he had screwed up at Wimbledon and had gone out in the round of 16.



As a matter of fact, because Gonzales did so badly at Wimbledon, Jim Burchard of the New York World-Telegram wrote that the defending U.S. titleholder was a "cheese champ." The players started kidding Gonzales about that, and somebody referred to Gorgonzola and the thing stuck, and we started calling him Gorgo. A lot of us still do. It's a little ridiculous, one of the best players in history having a nickname derived from someone calling him a bum, but it never seemed to bother Gonzales.

There was also a time when all of a sudden he was Gonzales with two z's. This was during one of his two marriages to Madalyn Darrow, who had been Miss Rheingold. She discovered that in old Castilian society, the upper-crust Gonzalezes spelled it with that second z, so she had Pancho change it to make him fancy. I don't think he gave a damn one way or the other. He never had much communication with his wives, no matter how many times he got married. Segura once said, "The nicest thing Gorgo says to his wives is 'shit up.'"

But, anyway, Schroeder. A couple of weeks later, I get another phone call from Riggs. "That son of a bitch has double-crossed us again," he whined and told me that Schroeder had decided to play Davis Cup. So I called Schroed up. In 1947, when he and I had played singles for the U.S., we had more or less dictated that an old friend of ours, Alrick Man, be named the team captain. Now Man had pleaded with Schroeder to join the team. "Jack, how could I turn Alrick down?" he asked me. And he was right.

Schroeder and Gonzales won their singles against the Aussies. A few days later the phone rings again and this time Riggs is screaming that Schroeder has agreed to play Forest Hills. Well, how could the Wimbledon champion and the Davis Cup star not compete in his national championships? I told Bobby to take it easy, that I'd be home in a few days and that it seemed to me that this thing was turning to our advantage. I knew that Schroeder wasn't trying to rewrite a better deal. None of this was a ploy. But if he won Forest Hills after winning in the Davis Cup, after winning Wimbledon, he would be so much more valuable to us that we could offer him a much better financial arrangement. Having gotten himself in this predicament with all these victories, how could Schroeder turn Bobby and me down if he won Forest Hills?

I arrived at the West Side Tennis Club in the middle of the semis. Schroeder was playing Billy Talbert. There was

no way Billy could beat a player like Schroeder, especially in a grueling tournament like Forest Hills. Billy had heart, but it just didn't make any sense when, near the end of the third set, I showed up in find Schroed stumbling into the break, down two sets to one.

I went into the locker room after him. "What the hell is the matter with you, kid?" I asked. He looked up at me sheepishly. "You sick, Schroed? Damn if you don't look like you're tanking." He looked away from me, then he went out on the court and dusted off Talbert in the last two sets to make the finals.

Gonzales scraped by Frankie Parker in the other semi. Parker had the kid beat, played stupidly and let him get away. But Gonzales was obviously no match for Schroeder. Ted had beaten him in straight sets the last time they had played, and now Ted takes the first two sets 18-16, 6-2. He is home free.

Then, in the third set, Gonzales got an early service break. Up two sets, there is no way an intelligent, mature player like Schroeder is going to contest that third set on grass. Relax, let him have the set—and come back refreshed to win in four. Yet Schroeder fought like a tiger for every point and lost 6-1. Ridiculous. Still, I didn't worry. I should have, especially considering all the funny business the day before with Talbert. I should have gone to talk with him during the break. I didn't. When they came back out, Gonzales clobbered him two and four, to win the championship again.

No, I'm not saying Schroeder tanked it. Not consciously. But given the circumstances, I do think it is possible that he let himself lose as the convenient way out. When Bobby and I went down to commiserate with him in the locker room, the first thing he said was, "Now, I guess everyone will be happy." That was terribly out of character. But what could we do? Sheepishly, Bobby and I just moved around the lockers to where Gorgo was dressing and asked him if he might be interested in turning pro and playing me.

He was, and he did, and, just as I knew, he wasn't ready. I beat him 22 of the first 26, and the final was 96-27. It was awful. I kept wanting the thing to end, and Riggs kept scheduling more matches. So Gonzales was a has-been at 21, even though he might have been the second-best player in the world by then.

It was his immaturity that cost him the most. I was the better player, but we had a lot of long matches, and Gorgo has the heart of a lion. At 5-all in the fifth, there is no player in history I would bet on against Gonzales. But when he toured with me, he didn't have any idea how to live. He was always a hamburger and hot dog guy, and on the court he would swig Cokes. My experience with all soft drinks is, if you're playing hard and you take a sip, you want more. I learned from Fred Perry and Don Budge to bring sweetened tea to the court. Pancho could never even remember to bring his own towels from the locker room. And he smoked. And he had bad sleeping habits. He couldn't get to sleep after a match—and try getting to sleep every night when you're losing every night. So he'd take an afternoon nap, grab a hamburger and be logy for the first set. He'd lose and have trouble getting to sleep again.

It stuck with him, too. Gorgo always had an ego problem with me, even after I retired. Even then, I was always around, promoting. I was like Marley's ghost for Gonzales, there to remind people how badly I beat him. Also, I got along well with the press. Gonzales could never talk to anyone. So he wouldn't do it—except rarely, and then he was odds-on to be disagreeable. He was always suspicious. Once, Gillette offered him \$2,000 for a quick commercial, and he acted like the ad man was trying to steal from him. So, puzzled and exasperated, the guy offered me the spot.

As a young man, Gorgo just didn't understand. He never comprehended that when you joined a tour, you became, in effect, a major stockholder. The more and better publicity, the more revenue. The bigger your cut, the bigger everybody's cut. But he would almost never help promote. I think this irritated the players the most. The majority of them disliked him intensely. The only player he ever made an effort to get along with was Lew Hoad. He really wanted Hoad's respect. Everybody loved Hoad.

I don't know. Maybe Gonzales would have been just as disagreeable if he had waited until he was 25 to turn pro and had won 100 straight. You never know. I do know we get along terrifically now and that he can even laugh at his old self. And I know that if he had lost to Schroeder in 1949, if he'd had an extra year of growing up and improving his game, winning Wimbledon, all that—he would have done better against me. I don't believe Gonzales ever could have beaten me on a tour because he didn't develop his ground strokes until long after I was through, and I could exploit his backhand unmercifully, but I sure wouldn't have taken four out of every five from him, as I did in '49 and '50.

At least Schroeder had one final satisfaction from the whole '49 episode. He lured Riggs into hustling himself. Remember earlier I mentioned a match I played against Bobby in the '48 U.S. Pro Championships? Well, here is how this all comes together.

**F**irst, for background, you have got to keep in mind that Riggs never forgave Schroeder for pulling out on us in '49. In the bargain, he convinced himself that Schroed was a choke. This was nonsense, of course, but Riggs believed it, and what he wanted in life was to go head to head with Schroeder in golf—or anything. This was Bobby's Moby Dick.

O.K., in 1957, in New York, Gloria and I were having dinner with Bobby and his wife then, Priscilla. We all had a few drinks and started reminiscing and Riggs made a passing reference to the Budge match in '48 and how amazing it was that I won the fourth set despite losing my serve twice. Casually, I disputed him, saying Don broke me just once. "Twice," Bobby snapped. "I'll betcha."

Now, I should have known enough to call a taxi and get out of there right then, but I was positive. I was so positive that I gave Bobby 10 to 1—10 to 1! I obviously had had more to drink than I remember. Bobby gobbled up my offer. Not only that, but Priscilla, who knew her husband well enough to tell when he had a pigeon, piped up, "I want a thousand, too."

At least I had the good sense to turn that down, even

though I was dead sure I was right. So, the next morning, hung over, I dragged down to the Times and went through the microfilm. I found Allison Danzig's account of the match. It went something like: "The valiant redhead from Oakland, Cal., flashing his full repertoire of classic strokes before an appreciative assemblage"—Al was always a big Budge man—"finally wilted in the fourth set despite twice breaking the younger champion's serve." There it was: read it and weep. I'm out \$2,200 to Riggs.

I went back to see him. Now he's got me. But listen, he's going to give me a break. He only wants half the money up front. With the rest, he wants me to back Schroeder in a golf match. Now Bobby, as you know, is a hustler, and a good one. But he is vulnerable in two ways. He will play cards with strangers—I think this comes from being a man-ster's son—and he has blind faith in his ability to win in the clutch. There is no way he tanked to Billie Jean. Vegas didn't take in any big money on that; they had what is called a "thin market," meaning only their regular customers could bet as a courtesy. It was all head-to-head betting. No, Bobby just couldn't conceive that Billie Jean could beat him under that pressure, so he didn't get into top shape. The same way with Schroeder in this golf match. Bobby was so damn sure that Schroed would choke that he gave away too much. He made it \$100 four ways even, \$100 four ways a stroke a side, and \$100 four ways with Schroed getting two strokes a side. The deal was, they were going to play every day for a week. My father and I joined them, so I could watch the action and my bankroll.

It was no contest. The first day, Schroed won \$200. The second day, \$400. It was obvious Bobby had given away too much. The third day, Schroed took him for \$500 more. At this rate, by the end of the week, I am going to have my whole \$2,200 back, with interest. So, the fourth day: tee time and no Riggs. The minutes pass. At last he shows up and, apologetically, explains that his doctor has disqualified him from any further competition. Bobby was like a kid with a note from home. The doctor said Bobby had appendicitis. But, we all asked, if you have appendicitis, how come you're not in the hospital, getting operated on? "Latent appendicitis," Bobby explained. Only Riggs could find a doctor to provide that diagnosis.

To keep Riggs' betting in perspective, it's worth noting that we all gambled a lot in those days. Whereas you'll never see the modern players on tour playing cards, we always had something on in the locker room. Usually two-bit ante. But sometimes it could heat up. One time in Southampton, I remember Pete Davis, the son of the man who dominated the Davis Cup, coming into a game with \$400 and losing it all before he ever got the deck.

There is not nearly the camaraderie on tour today that we enjoyed. They've got money, we had to settle for fun. For one thing, so much of the schedule is at night now. Also, there are so many married kids around. In the old days, most of the circuit players were single. They couldn't afford a wife. And there was almost no drinking. No hard liquor at all. And really, very little beer. Very little. The Aussies changed all that when they came to prominence and everybody started imitating them.

continued

The modern tournaments are also held in a lot of arenas and parks—public places. We spent most of our time lounging around the best country clubs. The irony is that we were graciously accepted by the country-club members, who were supposed to be so snobbish, but we were treated shabbily by the tennis officials, who should have looked out for us. Of course, we generally behaved ourselves in the clubs. And we didn't dress like midnight cowboys, like the players today. A player who took advantage of the social opportunities could use his tennis to get into business. But you had to work fast. There was a tremendous turnover among the players.

It was a thoroughly rotten system. And we said so at the time. Everybody said it was rotten, except for the few amateur officials who perpetuated it. But if you said anything to those guys—if you told them it was unfair—their stock answer was: "Can you name the winner of the U.S. amateur golf championship?" That was their way of saying that the pros dominated golf, which was true and which was great for golf. But the tennis officials thought only of themselves, not the game.

I mean to be harsh here. Tennis has changed so much that it will not be long before the amateur days are forgotten or looked back upon fondly, with nostalgia. Sure, we had fun, and a few of us moved up in tennis. But the system was rotten, and the people who ran it were immoral. And the press was just as guilty, by association, for going along. That's what I want remembered.

The system did not pay you directly, of course, but it required you to take money illegally to survive, and it winked at you as you did. There were no payoffs on the Eastern grass-court circuit, but in many ways it led the league in hypocrisy. The Eastern officials would pretend that it was everyone else in tennis who cheated, but they had you. A player had to compete on the grass courts to establish a ranking so he could play anywhere else, so you were at their mercy. As early as 1941, when I was barely 20, I led a strike of players in an effort to at least get more kids put up in private homes for the national doubles championships at Longwood in Boston. And even a kid who did play the Eastern circuit and get his ranking could hardly expect to make it rich elsewhere. In the winter, the best a very top player could make was about \$400 in Florida. For a good Texas tournament, the No. 1 player might get \$750, and for the Pacific Southwest in L.A.—which always had the best fields in the world after Wimbledon and Forest Hills—the best players could draw as much as \$1,200. We're talking about top prices. Even in that era, you couldn't get by on that. I had to sell my car to get Gloria to Wimbledon one year.

Early in '47, a bunch of us were touring Florida when we got a nice offer of \$1,500 to play an afternoon exhibition at a club in Daytona. Naturally, we grabbed it. A few months later, on my way to Wimbledon, I was notified to drop by the USLTA offices and meet with Holcomb Ward, who was the president. Mr. Ward had been a national champion around the turn of the century, when tennis was more innocent, or something. He had a clipping from a Daytona newspaper, saying that I had been among a group of players who had taken \$2,500 for playing. He

handed me the clipping and said, "Is this true, Jack?"

I read it and handed it back. "No sir," I said.

"I didn't think so," he said.

Now, of course, the reason it wasn't true was that the clipping had us splitting \$2,500, when in fact we had only gotten \$1,500. But the amazing thing is that any tennis official might think that it flat wasn't true. How did he imagine I managed to eat and travel?

About that same time I was hauled in to meet with Dr. Ellsworth Davenport, who had been a Forest Hills referee for years. Now he was in charge of a committee that was presenting a new award, the William M. Johnston Award, which would be given to the player who had made the greatest contribution to the sport during the year. Dr. Davenport began by telling me there was no player more deserving of this award than I was. But, he went on, there was "this problem." This problem was the rumor that Kramer was taking money under the table.

This time, I answered by telling the truth in spirit as well as in simple fact. I explained that I was a man of 26, that I had a wife and a baby, that I had no money behind me, no money in the bank. I told him that I took what I could merely to be able to play the game. "I'm doing exactly what I have to do to be the best player," I said. And then, "What would you do, sir?"

He listened and nodded. It was as if I were explaining that the world was round. Then he said two things. First, that if he were in my shoes, he would do exactly what I was doing. And second, that he would make sure I got the Johnston Award—which I did. But, of course, he didn't do anything else. Nobody ever corrected the system.

I got out on Sept. 3, 1947 when I signed with Jack Harris, who had promoted the Riggs-Budge tour. I signed a few days before Forest Hills was over, so we had to keep the deal secret. It was very important to win Forest Hills, too. I had won Wimbledon a couple of months before—you won't believe this, but I was the first champion to wear shorts there—but all this adulation for Wimbledon is relatively new. In America, winning at Forest Hills was what set up a tour.

But then I almost blew the whole thing sky high. Here I was, signed and sealed for delivery to Riggs, and I lost the first two sets in the final to Frankie Parker. He was playing his best, but I did my best to help him. I can still remember looking up into the first row of the stadium seats and seeing the top of Jack Harris' bald head. The reason I could look up and see the top of his bald head was because he had it bowed forward in despair. But then, I got myself together and won the last three sets one, love and three.

Then I beat Bobby on the tour. I was the last kid to come out of the amateurs and beat the pro champ, so, to my mind, 1947 was the last year that either Forest Hills or Wimbledon had a real "champion" until they both went open in 1968.

## NEXT WEEK

Kramer tells more about the tour—accounts of "fixes," of Gusie Moran and of the Panchos (Gonzales and Segura)

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '77

© 1977 B&W TObacco Co. D

A vintage Camel cigarette advertisement. The background is a color illustration of a man and a woman in a desert setting. The man, in the foreground, is shirtless, wearing a white open shirt, blue jeans, and a red belt with a large silver buckle. He is holding a cigarette. The woman, in the background, is wearing a yellow one-piece swimsuit and is leaning against a yellow vintage car. Another car is visible in the distance. In the bottom left corner, there is a pack of Camel Filters cigarettes. The pack is white with a red band and features the Camel logo. The text "CAMEL FILTERS" is prominently displayed on the pack. The overall tone is classic and nostalgic.

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## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 19-25

[illegible]

**CHINA**—With 11 of a possible 20 games in the final round, match in Belgrade completed, VIKTOR KORCHENKO held an almost unsurpassable 75-25 lead over Boris Spassky. Further action has been delayed pending settlement of a dispute over playing conditions.

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—Randy Givens came off the bench in the fourth quarter and fired two touchdown passes to rally Nebraska past North Carolina 24-17 in the Liberty Bowl in Memphis. In the inaugural Hall of Fame Classic in Birmingham, the Minnesota Gophers, appearing on their first postseason game since 1962, were defeated by Maryland 31-7. The Tar Heels were led by Larry Dierker, who threw for 200 yards and two touchdowns, while two other touchdowns in a span of 2 minutes and 51 seconds in the second quarter. Sophomore Jimmy Johnson, named the starting quarterback only minutes before the game passed for 211 yards and two touch-downs in the Tangerine Bowl in Orlando as Florida State routed Texas Tech 40-17. Penn State defeated Arizona State 42-30 in the Fiesta Bowl at Tempe. Ariz.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—In the first round of the NFL playoffs, defending champion Oakland defeated Baltimore 17-31 in overtime; Denver downed Pittsburgh 16-31; Dallas routed Chicago 17-7; and Minnesota defeated Los Angeles 14-7 (page 10).

[illegible]

longer going wrong. Ted Darr, Monterey Bay Lighthouse with his 21st and also extended his partnership. And over Laffan to 57 to 48. For Montreal the real bad news was that All-Star Defenceman Guy Lapointe will be out of action for at least three weeks following eye surgery. Lapointe was struck in the eye by a deflected shot in the game with the Maple Leafs.

WHA. The other league was deeply entrenched in world affairs. The Avro Trophy champion Quebec Nordiques represented the WHA in the Everest Cup tournament in Moscow and placed fifth in the five-team competition by *losing one game* and losing their other three. Czechoslovakia clinched the Everest championship with a 6-1 win over Sweden's national team. The WHA emerged behind international success at home. WHA teams won three of six games against a Soviet all-star team and the WHA won six series against a Czechoslovakian all-star team. The WHA also won six out of ten in the Winnipeg Jets' warms-up for their exhibition series against the Soviet national team this week in Tokyo by sweeping a four-game series from New England 8-2, 7-1 and moving to within four points.

**MILEPOSTS**—(TIED) By the Buffalo Bills, coach Jim Rimbold, 41, after a 3-11 year in which the Bills had the 16th best record in the AFC East.

**THIRD:** As coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, MARY LEVEY, 51, who was coach of the CFL champion Montreal Alouettes for four years, Levey replaces Tom Bates, who coached the 2-12 C hawks for the last seven games.

**NAMERD** As football coach, by the University of California Assistant Coach **ROGER THURER**, 38, to replace Mike White, by New Mexico State's **GIL ARRLER**, 44, former coach at Northern Michigan to replace Jim Bradley by Princeton's **FRANK NABARDI**, 46, who coached NCAA Division III runner up Wilkes College replacing Bob Casella by Washington State Assistant Coach **JIM WALDEN**, 39, to replace **W. ARLEN POWERS**, 46, who has been named coach at Missouri replacing Al Dineff.

## CREDITS

4—Anthony Doring 3—Chaw Ng by SOV 10—Nash Let-  
ter (left) Peter Reed Miller 11—John Jacobo Gelfand  
Knutson 12, 13—Walter Ioss 14 16—Ming  
Knutson 18—John Macdon 19—Ming Knutson  
20—Manny Moran 21—Mark Delagrange 22—Cai  
Tzeng 23—Din Tzeng 24—Bob Straus Jr 25—  
Ming Knutson 27—Anthony Doring

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**THE PAVLACIC FAMILY**  
Beverly Hills, Calif.



Don, 41, a utility company employee, was 24 when he learned to swim state. He won 28 medals and taught the sport to his son. Since then, each of his children has learned to swim state by the age of four and to date the Pavaliches have won 435 medals, 92 trophies, 80 championships and have won two national and eight international titles. The winner of 29 state titles, 19 and a sophomore at Missouri-St. Louis Station, 14 (left), a freshman at St. Thomas Aquinas, won the National American Swimming Union indoor championship for juvenile girls last year, setting records in the 300 and 400. She won six state titles, holds six state records and has 42 trophies and 156 medals. David, 12, has 19 trophies and 75 medals, has won four consecutive state titles and holds the state Pony Inland and under records in the 440. Debbie, 11, winner of eight trophies and 43 medals, took the state girls' Pony championship last year. Both are students at St. Francis Xavier High, a junior at Thomas Aquinas. Han won five state championships and has 23 trophies and 91 awards.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## YOUNG CAUTHEN

Sir

A perfect selection for Sportsman of the Year (Dec. 19-26). Aside from his exquisite riding ability, Steve Cauthen has shown perseverance and a sturdy character under immense pressure. Being a champion jockey takes a lot of courage, coordination, strength and timing. Race riding is not all glory, fame and fortune. To the jockeys who make it, I say more power to them. Young, gutsy Cauthen deserves to make it.

ROY HURLEY  
Boston

Sir

Concerning your tribute to Steve Cauthen, please convey my appreciation for this outstanding article to its author, Frank Deford. I was moved both by the achievements of this young rider and by the understanding of Deford. You have done a great service to Cauthen and to your readers.

MRS. JOHN C. THORNTON JR.  
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir

A great choice

JOHN V. LYNN  
Kings Park, N.Y.

Sir

You've gotta be kidding. Steve Cauthen Sportsman of the Year? A jockey? Never! What's this world coming to? The Chicago Bears make the NFL playoffs. Fran Tarkenton gets hurt. Tampa Bay wins. What will 1978 bring?

FRANK WALTERS  
Whitewater, Wis.

Sir

Steve Cauthen? Neigh!

MARA SELL  
Akron

Sir

To paraphrase Dan Jenkins' comment on the Dolphins' A. J. Duhe in the same issue, if a soccer player named Pelé is not Sportsman of the Year, there is no such award. Granted, Steve Cauthen's athletic achievements are great and unprecedented, but there is more to being a sportsman. Pelé's actions on the field are a model for all budding soccer players—and for all athletes in general. He exhibits teamwork and enthusiasm as well as athletics, or care to. Off the field he transcends sport. Pelé is a humanitarian, generous with his time and love.

MICHAEL STAHL  
Syosset, N.Y.

Sir

There will always be outstanding athletes with exceptional seasons, but how many of

these athletes will shape the whole course of their sport? What will Steve Cauthen do besides ride more winners? The saddest part is that while Pelé has been the greatest player in the history of the world's most popular sport, he has never been honored by your magazine as Sportsman of the Year. And now that he has retired, he never will be.

ELLIOTT THAL  
New York City

Sir

It's been a terrific year in sports—until now. Reggie Jackson is the true Sportsman.

PALL STEIN  
Merrick, N.Y.

Sir

How can Reggie Jackson be a runner-up? I will agree that Reggie was great in the sixth game of the World Series but, after all, SL this is Sportsman of the Year, not Sportsman of the Day.

ALLAN CRANMER  
Bowie, Md.

## CHRISTMAS STORY

Sir

Fantastic! Frank Deford's story, *A Christmas Gift for Fort Zack* (Dec. 19-26) is an enlightening portrayal of the American athlete and of the growth of human sympathy and love. Let me commend SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for transcending the normal realm of sports reporting and daring to play Santa Claus.

BILLY LENNON  
Oakhurst, Wis.

Sir

Not only did Frank Deford's story put me in the Christmas spirit, but it also completely changed what had been a miserable day. I am going to keep the article and use it to cheer myself up whenever I need it. In fact, I would like to see it run in your magazine every Christmas. It would be the start of a beautiful tradition.

STEVE SOMMER  
San Diego

Sir

Why can't all ballplayers—indeed, all people—be as compassionate as "Double T" Townsend turned out to be in the end?

STEPHEN A. KADINS  
New York City

## AFC VS. NFC (CONT.)

Sir

I totally agreed with your article on the superiority of the AFC over the NFC and the reasons for that superiority (Vince, You Wouldn't Believe It, Nov. 21). And now, after reading the letters sent in by die-hard, old-line NFLers (Dec. 5 and 12), I must rebut.

The NFL diehards claim that AFC supe-

riority is the result of the addition to the AFC of three "old NFL" teams: Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Cleveland. While it is true that these three are fine teams, it is wrong to contend that they are old NFL teams. My check of the current rosters of the three shows that: 1) of the 43 Steelers, only seven played in the old NFL; 2) of the 43 Colts, only four played in the old NFL; and 3) of the 43 Browns, only four played in the old NFL.

In other words, 114 of the 129 Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Cleveland players have grown up in the AFC. And that number includes, Terry Bradshaw, Bert Jones, Brian Sipe, Franco Harris, Lydell Mitchell, Greg Pruitt, Roger Carr, Lynn Swann, Jack Ham, Jack Lambert, Dwight White, Ray Chesser, Jerry Sherb, John Dutton, Mel Blount, Glen Edwards, Joe Ehrenman, Don McCauley and Steve Farner—no name a few.

The conclusion is obvious: Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Cleveland are in fact American Football Conference teams.

GIL SANTON  
Play-by-Play Announcer  
New England Patriots (AFC)  
Boston

Sir

No wonder the New York Giants have been so pitiful for so many years. Instead of working on acquiring new talent, their owner, Wellington T. Mara, has been compiling meaningless and trivial statistics regarding the NFC-AFC rivalry. If Mara had as diligently done his homework for recent NFL drafts, perhaps he might have a representative team.

NICK FLORIO  
Rye, N.Y.

## FOOTBALL STATES

Sir

Two states, Texas and Pennsylvania, can claim four collegiate football titles so far this season. Lehigh (Pa.) won the NCAA Division II championship, Widener (Pa.) earned NCAA Division III honors, Ashland Christian (Texas) is the NAIA Division I champion, and Westminster (Pa.) took the NAIA Division II crown. A Cotton Bowl victory by the University of Texas will make it five titles and a clean sweep.

ROBERT L. HAIGH  
McMurray, Pa.

## BUCKEYE BASKETBALL

Sir

As a recent graduate of Ohio State, I found your article on the resurrection of Buckeye basketball extremely interesting (*A Big Change in the Affairs of State*, Dec. 12). I am glad Coach Eldon Miller is restoring Ohio State to its once lofty position in the college

continued



# The Land of the Pharaohs

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## 19TH HOLE *continued*

basketball world. The most pleasing aspect of the story, though, was the recognition given former Coach Fred Taylor as a superb teacher of the game and a man of unquestioned integrity.

Basketball was always overshadowed by football at Ohio State, and that was shameful, because Taylor's coaching abilities did not get the attention they deserved. If Taylor had received the full backing of the athletic department, I feel he could have given basketball the stature it deserved. But more important than his won-lost record, Taylor was a fine representative of the university and the ideals it espouses. As the high jinks of football Coach Woody Hayes bring the school into disrepute, I can only beseech the day it let a man like Taylor slip from its grasp.

MICHAEL J. FORSTER  
Bethesda, Md.

Sir,

Having granted an interview to Larry Keith, I feel the tone of my comments was grossly misrepresented. My hope was to clarify the events that led to the change in leadership of the Ohio State basketball program. My remarks centered on the changes in recruiting practices and in college athletics in general over the past 15 years, i.e., on how jet travel and national media coverage have broadened the awareness of the high school athlete and contributed to national recruiting via the old system of local boys automatically playing for their state universities. Unfortunately, my description of this progression and its effect on Ohio State was interpreted as personal criticism of Coach Fred Taylor.

Seventeen years' worth of loyal former players, myself included, will agree that Fred did more for them and their families than they can ever repay. In my case, his influence led, in addition to my college degree, to my participation on the victorious Olympics basketball team of 1968 and an opportunity to play for the 1970 world champion New York Knicks. These are the types of things for which Coach Taylor should and will be remembered, not recruiting difficulties in his final seasons.

BRUCE HOSKEL  
Columbus, Ohio

## PENGUIN TRADE

Sir,

IN SCORECARD (Dec. 12) you said that the "disast" Pittsburgh Penguins made another trade when they acquired Peter Mahovlich and Peter Lee from Montreal for the brilliant Pierre Larouche. Ha! After the trade and following a loss to Montreal, the Penguins had a four-game unbeaten streak. Mahovlich scored seven goals in five games and has fired up the Penguins with his leadership on and off the ice. At the same time, Lee has done some things that Larouche never did—hustle and play defense.

THAD GRAY  
North Huntingdon, Pa.

## PUMPING DRUGS

Sir,

Thanks for the article *Does He or Doesn't He?* (Dec. 5) by Wilmer Ames. Anabolic steroids are a risky means to an end that is at best questionable. Few people make it to the top in body building and even fewer can make a living from it.

In my shortsighted quest for massive muscles, I considered using Dianabol (the Big "D"), but wisely decided against it. No way am I going to risk permanent damage to my internal organs and who knows what else for the sake of an inflated, disposable physique. It takes time and hard work to achieve any worthwhile goal. Those looking for a fast trip to the top through steroids may get more than they bargained for. Slow and steady is the way to go.

TONY HILLISER  
Charleston, Ill.

Sir,

Wilmer Ames' article on the use of drugs in body building ranks as one of the greatest cheap shots ever. What modern sport can be named in which the athletes competing today are not bigger, stronger and better than they were 20 years ago? Do seven-foot basketball players and 280-pound linemen owe their extraordinary size to drugs?

Dianabol abuse certainly exists, but to a great extent Ames bases his proof that drugs are rampant in body building on unidentified sources, on an informal verbal survey conducted by another person and on Lou Ferrigno's comment "I would rather not elaborate on that." The major factors of success in body building are still hard work, dedication and strict attention to diet. Without these as a catalyst no body builder will ever approach the Mr. Olympia title. Also Ames fails to mention Frank Zane, Mr. Olympia 1977. Zane is the epitome of symmetry and definition without the "necessary" 22-inch biceps and 51-inch chest. Pumping iron is not synonymous with pumping drugs.

BOB LEISHER  
Miami, Ohio

Sir,

Wilmer Ames' enlightening article effectively gives all the facts needed to take a stand against the use of drugs. If an athlete is looking for a pill to improve his performance, then he is lame and in search of a crutch.

MARK MOHR  
San Francisco

Sir,

Perhaps after this expose of the drug-oriented body-building community, the sport will return to its former ideals of hard work and perseverance.

GEORGE KRISTEEN JR.  
Champaign, Ill.

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